The Democrats Try Collective Leadership

December 24, 1959 25¢

'The King's Birthday'—a Christmas Short Story

THE REPORTER

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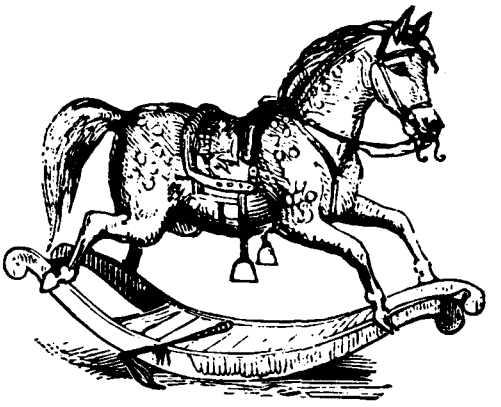

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[VOL. II Nº XII]

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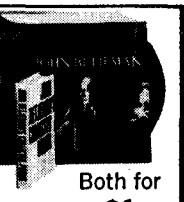

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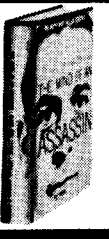

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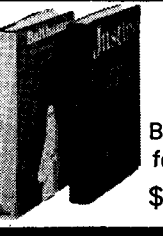

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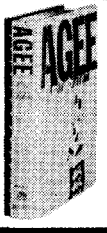

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Christmas, 1959

THIS IS A STRANGE season of self-flagellation. Maybe it's due to Khrushchev, who, during his visit here, spread around the germs of public self-criticism and confession, while he himself, as a true Typhoid Mary, constantly irradiated boundless confidence in himself and the régime he embodies. Or maybe the nation has embarked on a massive search after virtue. Or perhaps to celebrate the end of the Eisenhower era, which was heralded as one of tireless crusading, our country's most representative men have embarked upon—of all things—a crusade.

The enemy is within, we are told. We have grown flabby, soft, aimless. We have no sense of purpose. It is not surprising to hear hard words of national flagellation from George Kennan, who for years has been harping on these themes and whose moral stature is such that not even repetitiousness can blunt the impact of his warning. "If you ask me," he said recently, "—as a historian, let us say—whether a country in the state this country is in today: with no highly developed sense of national purpose, with the overwhelming accent of life on personal comfort and amusement, with a dearth of public services and a surfeit of privately sold gadgetry, with a chaotic transportation system, with its great urban areas being gradually disintegrated by the headlong switch to motor transportation, with an educational system where quality has been extensively sacrificed to quantity, and with insufficient social discipline even to keep its major industries functioning without grievous interruptions—if you ask me whether such a country has, over the long run, good chances of competing with a purposeful, serious, and disciplined society such as that of the Soviet Union, I must say that the answer is 'no.'"

It is perhaps even more striking to hear some of the sternest appeals for national regeneration coming from men whose dedication to moral principles is less well known. Vice-President Nixon, for instance, who a few weeks ago proclaimed from a rostrum at the University of Chicago Law School: "But it is not enough to be on the right side. History is full of instances in which superior civilizations were overwhelmed by others who had more will to win, more drive, more energy. Around the world, in every nation, the representatives of Communism are true believers like Mr. Khrushchev—working overtime for the victory of Communism in every non-Communist nation. Our case is infinitely better. But men who are true believers cannot be matched by men who believe in nothing or, worse still, who do not know what they believe."

One is glad to know that Mr. Nixon is a believer and no doubt a true one. He goes on to say what he believes in: "I know that so-called patriotism and competitive spirit became somewhat out of fashion in recent years as a result of too much emphasis on these normally admirable virtues in times past. But I can say from my own experience that there is nothing this nation needs more, particularly among its young people, than an intelligent, unshakable dedication to the universal ideals of freedom, justice, and peace, which are the heart of our American heritage."

Senator Humphrey chimes in and tells us that the United States has "fallen for a kind of 'pitch' in our national life that substitutes nonsense for reality, public relations for public service, and showmanship for leadership." According to Senator Kennedy, "The slow corrosion of luxury—the slow erosion of our courage—are already beginning to show."

And then, of course, there have been lately all those public confessions of individual guilt. The crime confessed has always been the same: I have lied. Many a man, surrounded by klieg lights and mikes, has borne public witness to his guilt and told how he has betrayed the trust that other men had put in him.

Sometimes the confession has been

MEDICINE AVENUE

"The drug industry has become a whipping boy for those who desire socialized medicine, an industry spokesman suggested today."—New York Times

Sure as you're born, it's the same thing all over,
Fellows who moan of the poor and the ill
Can't understand why their incomes won't cover
Succor they need, at a dollar a pill.

Sure as you know, it's the bleeding-heart brothers
Off on their favorite socialist kick:
Empty our pockets to help out the Others,
Cut down our profits to profit the sick.

How can we help it if people grow older?
The poor used to die off but now they live on,
Thanks to our drugs. And the burdens they shoulder
Are none of our business. Thy Will Be Done.

—SEC

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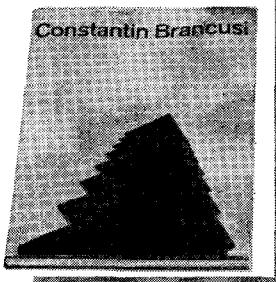

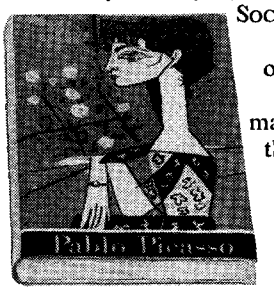

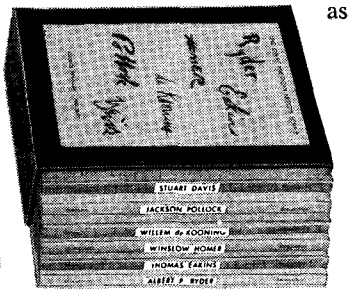

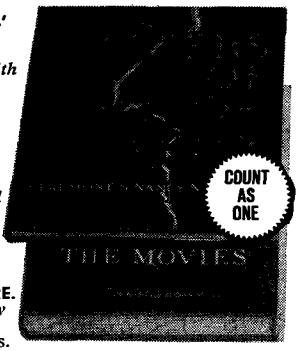

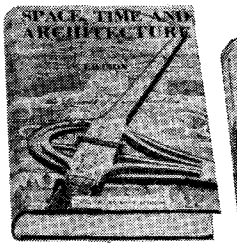

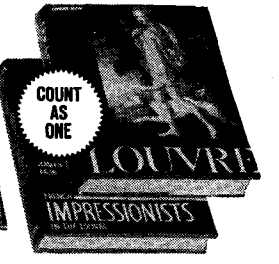

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more subtle than a soulful avowal of guilt. Emmet Hughes, for instance, who helped to verbalize some of the most stirring foreign-policy proclamations of General Eisenhower before and after he became President, has written a scathing, unmerciful denunciation of the administration's foreign policy. An echo of Mr. Hughes's indignation is likely to be found in Governor Rockefeller's speeches. For instance: "The U.S. can not win the respect and trust of black men in Nigeria or Ghana until we have honored the citizenship of Negroes in Georgia or Alabama. Nor can it stir the hopes of slum dwellers in Calcutta or Jakarta if cities here are too lazy or fat to clean their own slums."

In his book *America the Vincible*, Mr. Hughes had already written: "We shall find warm and appreciative response to the promises that America makes to black men in Nigeria when the practices of America cease to find cold and despising response in the black men of Alabama. We shall, as a nation, be heard with respect when we speak in the slums of Djakarta or New Delhi—when we have acted with authority in so much more modest matters as the slums of Detroit or New Orleans." It has been reported that Mr. Hughes is now working for Mr. Rockefeller.

WHAT IS going on here? Why are so many individuals taking it upon themselves to denounce our national sins, while others unburden themselves of their own personal sins by sharing them with the nation at large? What is this inner strife that makes the speechwriter revolt both against his own phrases and the man who has uttered them, while making new phrases for new speakers that, it is to be hoped, he will not later denounce? We are sure that the protagonists of this national breast-beating act are—to use Mark Antony's phrase—all honorable men. Their motive, we like to believe, is a passionate search after purity. But couldn't all this soul laundering be done in private?

It is certainly a relief to hear Senator Lyndon Johnson saying: "We cannot lead by wringing our hands and biting our nails and agonizing over the decline of America's character." Yet surely Senator Johnson would agree that the sense of our national and individual inadequacies is sometimes overwhelming. But to overcome this sense of individual and collective failure—we respectfully suggest—there is no better way than finding refuge, each one of us, *in interiore homini*, as Saint Augustine put it.

This does not mean either to condone or to fall in love with ourselves. It does mean to be quiet, at least once in a while, and try our utmost to find that safe nook where we can listen to the voice of our inner life. There is no human being in whom the capacity to hear this voice has been utterly and irreparably deafened. You can call it as you wish—voice of the spirit, or voice of God. But even in those miserable countries where all the powers of government are incessantly conditioning the thoughts, the actions, the instincts of men—even in the Communist countries the citizen cannot possibly be made to forget that there is something in him which belongs to another world and which the government cannot touch.

For us in the West, the most hallowed celebration of the divinity in man is Christmas. The interpretations one can give to the Birth of Christ, whether it is thought of as a symbol or as an actual fact that occurred 1959 years ago and marks an unbreakable bond between God and man—all this makes little or no difference. If Christ or the legend of Christ had never come into the world, men would have found some other way to celebrate Christmas. For Christmas means freedom from the chain of necessity, from the obligations of past deeds and misdeeds that keep us bound. No amount of noise-making or merrymaking can ever succeed in spoiling or defiling the spirit of Christmas.

This year, we in America particularly need Christmas. Of course our government, and all of us, have been inadequate to the tasks and the risks that confront all of us, as a nation and as individuals. Yet if we manage to be quiet and composed and silent, then deep inside ourselves we still can find confidence and order.

We wish a good, a happy Christmas to all the people we have mentioned—the breast beaters, the public confessors, the restless men who struggle against their own past. In fact, we wish a merry Christmas to all—including you, Nikita.

—MAX ASCOLI

These Things Were Said

¶ Farhad Adjoodani, 17, son of the director of foreign exchange students at the Iranian embassy here, freely admitted that he struck his pretty American girl friend, Sandra L. Boliek, 16, across the face with the back of his hand.... Police said young Adjoodani also fired two shots in the air with a blank pistol to emphasize his anger. "I think I acted the same as any American boy would have," he said.—*United Press International Report.*

¶ Eight commission staff members [in Seattle] were taken violently ill last Monday shortly after taking a coffee break in a room used for coffee breaks and lunch by city employes. Today, city chemists said two containers of dry coffee found in the room—one can of drip grind and one jar of powdered java—were laced with arsenic. "This was no accident," said Chief of Detectives Victor L. Kramer.—*Report in the New York Post.*

¶ An economic boom makes a lot of different sounds—and among the most harmonious is the quiet rustle of good rag paper . . . the crackle of money, deeds, mortgages, stock certificates, bonds and certified checks. This boom is unprecedented in human history. It is a boom at the upper level. Grown and nurtured by 8 to 10 million of the best educated, most successful families in America. They are the families who have earned the right to make most of our national and local decisions. . . . Of course, not all of them read TIME. But those who don't are surrounded by those who do . . . —*Advertisement in the New York Times.*

¶ Gwen [Mrs. Morris Cafritz] refuses to give buffet dinners, but lest she offend some of her rival hostesses, she hastens to add: "That doesn't mean I don't like to be invited to them. It's just that I like to use my lovely appointments in my beautiful dining room with the gold mirrors, the Jensen silver and the spectacular view of Washington's skyline."—*Ruth Montgomery in the New York Journal-American.*

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CORRESPONDENCE

HOMAGE TO MARSHALL

To the Editor: May I express my profound appreciation for your fine tribute by Dean Acheson to General George C. Marshall (*The Reporter,* November 26). It is an altogether fitting memorial to one who was truly a noble American.

G. R. Coffman
Edmonds, Washington

To the Editor: I was deeply moved by Dean Acheson's warm and revealing "Homage to General Marshall," but should like to offer one small correction. Rather than being "not one for games indoors or out," General Marshall, before his Washington days in any event, was an avid and more than competent tennis player. I treasure my memories of playing against him in the first tennis tournament on the courts of the Dunham Woods Riding Club in Wayne, Illinois, when he was a colonel and adviser to the Illinois National Guard and I was a boy of thirteen.

E. Patrick Healy
Belvedere, California

To the Editor: Dean Acheson's fine tribute to General Marshall brings to mind a little story told to me by a friend who lives in General Marshall's home town of Pinehurst, North Carolina. It seems the general was asked how come an important world-famous man such as he drove an old jeep and lived in such a small house. His answer: "But the biggest people come to see me."

Joseph S. Cooper
New York

CHEMICAL WARFARE

To the Editor: Now that your readers have been able to mull over Walter Schneir's report on Defense Department plans for CBR, or gas and germ warfare ("The Campaign to Make Chemical Warfare Respectable," *The Reporter,* October 1), and to read the varied comments on the problem that have appeared in letters, they have probably made up their own minds.

Many of them, I believe, will feel that the facts on CBR can be more accurately developed by vigorous Congressional investigation and by news reporting like Mr. Schneir's than by public-relations handouts from the Army. Many of them no doubt have also concluded that the United States ought to persevere in its traditional policy of not first using gas and germ weapons.

Those readers who do feel this way will be interested in House Concurrent Resolution 433, which I introduced on September 3 and which has been referred to the House Foreign Affairs Committee. That resolution would reaffirm our long-standing policy against CBR. If public interest can bring about hearings, the need of the American people for knowledge of these new weapons will be met. If public demand can bring about passage, the Army's campaign to make the use of poisonous gases and virulent diseases acceptable would be checked.

Robert W. Kastenmeier
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

THE NEGRO PRESS

To the Editor: I will agree with Alfred Balk (*The Reporter,* November 12) that John Johnson's success with *Ebony* and his other attractive slick-paper magazines has had a heartening effect on a segment of the Negro public and has contributed in some portion to advancement in that nebulous field called race relations. I am certain that Negroes all over the country show their teeth in pleasure when they see them displayed on the "better" newsstands.

The point I wish to raise is this. Mr. Johnson's publications have had a noteworthy effect only in his own purse and in the minds of part-time liberals who like to think that Negroes are coming along slowly without kicking up too much dust. Oh yes, and we must not forget members of the new Negro upper-middle class who enjoy sitting back in their ranch-style houses, lapping up the fruits of their *Ebony*-publicized life while trying to convince their slumbering consciences that "we've arrived" and "things ain't so bad after all."

Mr. Johnson's virtues are these: he does *not* protest, he does *not* point out the faults of you benevolent whites, he does *not* disturb you, he provokes no dissatisfaction with the status quo. He has given birth to a glittering financial success, and surely everyone knows that to be the main criterion for judging worth in twentieth-century America. So pleasant it is to have a "tall, slightly rotund . . . influential publisher" to show us "the world as it ought to be." But of what consequence is all this in the world as it is?

That so many *Ebony*-entrenched Negroes have become indoctrinated into the superficially pleasant complacency of this era is a fact to be lamented, not lauded. Mr. Johnson shows us the Detroit debutante who is presented to insular black society with a champagne ball, but what good does this do the same girl when she and her husband attempt to find a home in a decent neighborhood and are greeted with sneers, or when they seek business positions and find them mysteriously unavailable?

There is a place for Mr. Johnson and his magazines in our tawdry, numb-minded society built on Paar, Cadillacs, and platitudes, but he and his followers can never displace the fearless and outspoken individuals who want to make this world what it should be without deluding themselves into believing we have achieved Utopia. As long as there is a Faubus, or a White Citizens' Council, or sugary-tongued hypocrites who pose as friends of the race, there will be a need for them. And I am with them.

Phyl Garland
Pittsburgh

To the Editor: "The Negro press as a whole has little to be proud of," writes Alfred Balk. Of what has the white press to be proud? The fact that it single-handedly built Joseph McCarthy into a giant? Or that the newspaper with the highest circulation in America litters its pages with nothing but crime, sex, scandal, and in its own reactionary way is an organ of protest against progress? Or should the white press be kissed on the cheeks for treating the American Negro in its daily pages as if he were a crime-loving beast and a soft-shoe dancing clown?

C. Sumner Stone, Jr., Editor
The New York *Age*
New York

CLAPS OF UNREASON

To the Editor: Irving Kristol is so disturbed by the "paranoia" in my political position and that of my colleagues on *National Review* (*The Reporter,* November 26) that I hasten to bring him, and those who share his concern, partial relief. Mr. Kristol reports that we at *National Review* see "changing ideas and fashions . . . as part of a vast conspiracy against the republic. [For instance], Mr. Buckley and his colleagues . . . deplore the fact that most college economics departments are heavily under the influence of Keynes . . . [and] see this . . . as the product of a malign plot by a sinister 'liberal' fraternity." To think such a thing "is to manifest so perverse a view of American academic life as to be positively alarming."

I agree—with Mr. Kristol. And I herewith formally and publicly reject the position, with which I and *National Review* have never trafficked, that the Liberals, in conspiracy bent, intend to do our nation harm. *National Review* is not engaged in suggesting that the Liberals intend to destroy our society; but rather in showing that the chances are very good that that, notwithstanding their intentions, is what they will end up doing. The difference between the two positions is the exact measure of Mr. Kristol's consternation. The failure of so perceptive a reader as Mr. Kristol to spot that difference is not unimportant, for here is a breakdown in the critical perception of a senior critic on so important a subject as the structure of responsible conservative dissent. Such a breakdown, in so eminent a man, strikes some of us as one of those claps of unreason that augur stormy weather ahead, and at a time when our society's very survival depends on reasoned approaches to reality . . .

William F. Buckley, Jr.
New York

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

AT THE RECENT $100-a-plate fund-raising dinner in New York for the Democratic Advisory Council, the line-up of Presidential hopefuls and the exchange of words between former President Truman and the guest of honor, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, attracted the most attention. But something else was probably more important—the conspicuous absence of the two most powerful Democratic Congressional leaders, Senator Lyndon B. Johnson and Representative Sam Rayburn, the former also one of the Democratic Presidential pretenders. Their absence gave added point to a distinction that **Sidney Hyman** made between Congressional Democrats and Presidential Democrats in his article "Can a Democrat Win in '60?" (*The Reporter*, March 5, 1959).

In this issue Mr. Hyman describes the ways in which this distinction has been institutionalized during the reign of the present Democratic national chairman, Paul M. Butler. The Advisory Council is only the best known among a number of recent innovations, all of which tend, for better or worse, to speed the evolution of genuinely national political parties in this country.

At the same dinner, Mr. Truman introduced one of the Democratic non-candidates, Governor Edmund G. Brown of California, as "a man to be reckoned with." **Paul Jacobs,** himself a resident of California, attempts to explain how Governor Brown has recently emerged from local to national prominence.

IN THIS ISSUE **Marya Mannes** begins a voyage of discovery and rediscovery of the New York that she knows and has known. . . . **Wolf Ladejinsky,** one of the world's foremost authorities on land reform, is at present technical consultant at the Presidency of the Republic of Vietnam. His report on the progress and problems of the first five years of Vietnam appears at a time when the United States aid program there has come under attack by Senators Gore and McGee on charges of waste and inefficiency. Mr. Ladejinsky, whose record of accomplishment in the field of technical assistance is rivaled only by his reputation for independent judgment, presents a more positive and hopeful viewpoint. . . . **Anthony Delius** is a member of the staff of the *Cape Times* in Cape Town, South Africa. He tells the story of some of the world's strangest academic institutions, artificially created to keep the African natives in their place.

SINCE her first published story appeared in *The Reporter* of April 4, 1957, **Lois Phillips Hudson** has gained increasing recognition as one of the most gifted young writers of fiction in this country. . . . **Fred Grunfeld** is a well-known record critic and commentator who, as a diversion, composes a type of *musique concrète* directly on magnetic tape that might have astonished Papa Haydn . . . **Nat Hentoff,** co-editor of the book *Jazz,* recently published by Rinehart, contributes regularly to Views & Reviews. . . . **Jay Jacobs** is our regular movie reviewer. . . . Formerly an editor of the *Economist* and Fellow of the Institute for Advanced Study, **George Steiner** now teaches at Princeton.

A group of biographies enables a group of reviewers to comment not only on the art of biography but also on the development of the American character as revealed in the lives, appropriately enough, of two showmen and two politicians. . . . **Marcus Cunliffe,** himself the author of a brilliant short biography, *George Washington: Man and Monument* (Little, Brown), is currently teaching at Harvard. . . . **Nathan Glazer,** co-author with David Riesman of *The Lonely Crowd* and *Faces in the Crowd,* teaches sociology at Smith College. . . . **Gerald Weales** teaches drama at the University of Pennsylvania. . . . **Robert Crichton** is the author of the recent best-seller, *The Great Impostor.*

Our traditional Christmas cover is by **Reg Massie,** *The Reporter's* art director.

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES—CHRISTMAS, 1959 . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 2

The Democrats

THE COLLECTIVE LEADERSHIP OF PAUL M. BUTLER . . . . . *Sidney Hyman* 8
'PAT' BROWN—A MAN TO BE RECKONED WITH . . . . . *Paul Jacobs* 12

At Home & Abroad

THE NEW YORK I KNOW: THE WEST SEVENTIES . . . . . *Marya Mannes* 16
VIETNAM: THE FIRST FIVE YEARS . . . . . *Wolf Ladejinsky* 20
SEPARATE BUT EQUAL ON THE VELD . . . . . *Anthony Delius* 23

Views & Reviews

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY—A SHORT STORY . . . . . *Lois Phillips Hudson* 26
PAPA HAYDN GOES TO LONDON . . . . . *Fred Grunfeld* 29
'WHY FORGET WHO WE ARE?' . . . . . *Nat Hentoff* 31
Movies: AFTERTHOUGHTS . . . . . *Jay Jacobs* 32
Books:
BIG BROTHERHOOD . . . . . *George Steiner* 34
FIVE EXEMPLARY LIVES:
1. THE APPROXIMATION OF TRUTH . . . . . *Gouverneur Paulding* 35
2. WHO WAS PRESIDENT IN 1900? . . . . . *Marcus Cunliffe* 36
3. A ONE-MAN BALANCED TICKET . . . . . *Nathan Glazer* 37
4. THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO DEMILLE . . . . . *Gerald Weales* 38
5. A LIAR YOU COULD COUNT ON . . . . . *Robert Crichton* 40

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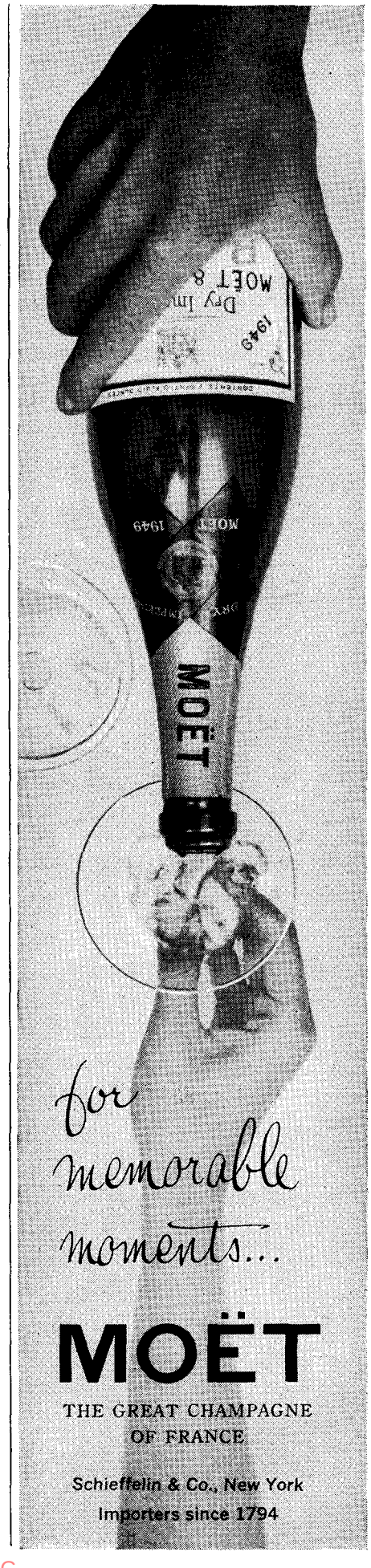

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The Collective Leadership Of Paul M. Butler

SIDNEY HYMAN

AT FIRST GLANCE Paul M. Butler seems out of place in his job as chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Tall, thin, an abstainer from both smoking and drinking, he impresses most of those who meet him as an intense and innocent man, scholarly and stubborn, sensitive as a debutante when his pride is ruffled. He seems lacking in all the back-slapping, yarn-swapping minor arts of politics.

All this makes the "old pros" uncomfortable in his presence. To them he is the Puritan in Babylon, and they tend either to dismiss him as a political irrelevancy or to view him as a usurper of their rightful estate. Their antipathy was readily apparent as they watched Butler in action at the whirlwind meeting of the Democratic Advisory Council held in New York during the first week of December. In their judgment of the man, the old pros may prove to be right in the end. But to write off Paul Butler's astonishing career as a temporary aberration in the long history of the Democratic Party is to leave unanswered some extremely compelling questions.

In the long history of the Democratic Party, why is it that Butler is one of the very few who have won the chairmanship without the backing of a single major political sponsor? Why has he been able to hold the chairmanship longer than any recent incumbent except Jim Farley? Why has he been able to hold it despite the present opposition of the South as a whole, and the recurrent personal opposition of these important Democrats: Harry Truman, Adlai Stevenson, Speaker Sam Rayburn, Senator Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, Assistant Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, Governors David Lawrence of Pennsylvania and Michael DiSalle of Ohio, and National Committeemen Jacob Arvey of Illinois and Carmine De Sapio of New York?

The key to all these questions lies in one fact: despite their high political positions in the party and in the nation, despite their valued service to both, none of the "old pros" controls the new political mechanisms that have been taking shape under Butler's leadership.

THE CHANGE BEGAN five years ago. Stephen A. Mitchell, a man whose personal style resembles Butler's in many respects, was resigning as chairman of the Democratic National Committee after holding the post for two years by the appointment of Adlai Stevenson. When the committee met in New Orleans in December, 1954, to pick his successor, the situation it faced was a rarity in recent party history. It was free of all compulsion to accept a chairman picked by a President, since for the first time in two decades there was no Democrat in the White House. It was also free of all compulsion to accept a chairman picked by a Presidential candidate during the heat of a campaign, as it was in 1952. The choice of a chairman was for the committee itself to make.

Still, ingrained political habit led some of the candidates to seek the chairmanship with the backing of a powerful political sponsor. Thus DiSalle of Ohio appeared to have the blessings of former President Truman—though the latter is said to have toyed with the idea of having a Southerner. James Finnegan of Philadelphia came to be known as the candidate of an Illinois-Pennsylvania alliance between Adlai Stevenson (or Colonel Jacob Arvey) and David Lawrence. A third candidate in the field was F. Joseph ("Jiggs") Donohue of Washington, D. C., who had the backing of Senator Estes Kefauver. Finally there was Paul Butler, the national committeeman from Indiana, backed by no one in particular.

Party chieftains not on the National Committee had only a hazy idea about who he was. A few of them knew that he was a South Bend lawyer, a Catholic, and a graduate of Notre Dame. They knew that he had led a successful fight within the Indiana Democratic Party against the machine of Frank McHale and Frank McKinney, the latter having served as national chairman in the final years of the Truman administration. They also knew that besides taking McHale's place on the National Committee, Butler had been an early participant in the draft-Stevenson movement in 1952.

But although the chieftains didn't know much about Butler, Butler knew one very interesting fact about the committee. In the situation prevailing in December, 1954, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee could in fact be elected by the committee. Thus in advance of the New Orleans meeting, he put in long-distance calls to 93 of the then 105 members. He pointed out the unique opportunity they faced, and asked for their support with the simple argument that he was the only member of the committee who was an active candidate for the chairmanship. If elected, Butler promised, he would work closely with them and hold himself responsible to their leadership. He was not beholden to any major political sponsor.

When the votes were cast on December 4, 1954, the Truman "old pros" were astonished to find that Mike DiSalle had only eighteen votes. The Stevenson-Lawrence "old pros" were astonished to find that James Finnegan had only sixteen votes. The Kefauver "old pros" were astonished to find that "Jiggs" Donohue had only one vote. And all

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were astonished to find that Paul Butler, a nobody, had seventy votes. The tally sheets showed that his better than two-to-one margin prevailed in the Middle Western, Western, and Southern blocs of committeemen. Only in the Eastern bloc did it fall below that level.

The national committeemen themselves were astonished to find that they—and nobody else—were now in control of the national party apparatus, such as it was. Actually, it wasn't very much. The Democratic Party—like the Republican Party—was a loose confederation of state, county, and local organizations. It was a national party only for the duration of the Presidential nominating convention, and to a lesser extent for the duration of a Presidential campaign. Inevitably the National Committee was also a pretty loosely organized body. It had never been a policymaking organ for the party; its functions were largely limited to raising money, to organizing Presidential nominating conventions, and to rendering such aid as it could in the management of campaigns.

The Presidential Democrats

It would be false to say that from the start Butler had a plan in mind to change all this, or that he was in personal control of events and gave them his distinctive stamp. All he seemed to have in mind was his electioneering commitment to work closely with the National Committee —the sole source of his power. But as Butler carried out this commitment, the committee discovered its own latent power.

Throughout the Northern sections of the Democratic Party, a major revolution had occurred under the cover of Adlai Stevenson's 1952 campaign, though its existence was obscured for a while by the fact of his defeat. His campaign had brought a new class of people into a number of Democratic organizations, where they became active workers and soon were in a position to become the party managers. In large part, that new class was drawn from the ranks of what are loosely labeled "intellectuals"—lawyers, writers, college professors, and the like. This class did not depend for its bread and butter on City Hall jobs. That being so, it would involve itself in party political work only as it was appealed to by the force of political ideas.

A second factor that made for institutional change was the power struggle between the Congressional Democrats and Presidential Democrats which began directly after the 1954 Democratic Congressional victory. That victory had placed control of the Congress in the hands of Southern Democrats. The policy of "moderation" that was exemplified by Speaker Sam Rayburn and Senate

Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson involved a muting of all attacks on President Eisenhower's personal performance in the White House, a fuzzing of points of party difference with the Republicans, and a commitment to low-key issues.

Much could be said for this policy insofar as it enabled individual Democrats to hold on to their seats in Congress. But the Presidential Democrats, predominantly Northerners, were growing restive over the prospect of bidding for the White House in 1956 solely on the basis of a Southern-made party record in Congress, where the clarity of line between Democrats and Republicans was obscured as a matter of deliberate and perhaps necessary policy. Yet who could speak for the Presidential Democrats in ways that could attract the support of voters in the great population centers of the North where Presidential elections are decided? The question became all the more pressing after the South's resistance to the integration of the schools began to harden.

In the absence of an institutional mechanism to deal with this problem, Butler personally came to represent a new pattern in the national party's tactics. Soon after his election as chairman, he let fly with a blast at Mr. Eisenhower's conduct of the Presidency; until then most Democrats had attacked only the men around him. The shift of emphasis presently brought Butler into conflict with Senator Johnson, who seemed to feel that his own legislative work was needlessly complicated by this attempt to pick a fight with the President.

Before the 1956 Democratic convention, Butler seemed to lean over backwards in order to avoid giving the impression that he was using the party apparatus to favor any particular candidate. Nevertheless, he managed to irritate the friends of Adlai Stevenson considerably by the timing and content of various statements which they felt were deliberately designed to "knife" their candidate's cause. On one occasion Butler called for a strong civil-rights plank and an endorsement of the Supreme Court's decision on school integration at the very moment Steve Mitchell was in the South wooing delegates for Stevenson.

But Stevenson himself appeared to be in a forgiving mood, especially after he had to all intents and purposes won the 1956 Democratic nomination by his primary victory in California. A week later, at a Chicago meeting between the two, Butler observed that he had to know where he stood. If he did not return to South Bend, his law partners were about to avail themselves of a clause in their contractual relationship by which he would cease to be a member of the firm. He therefore wanted to know whether he should plan on going back to the private practice of law or whether, as he much preferred to do, he should plan on

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remaining as national chairman. Stevenson replied that in the event of his own nomination, he wanted Butler to remain as chairman and to manage the Presidential campaign.

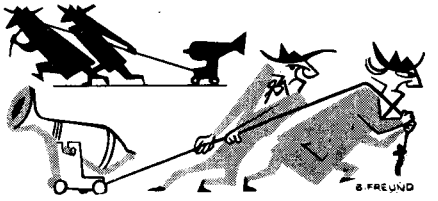
The 'Dump Butler' Movement

In 1952, Stevenson's determination to go on doing his job as governor in Illinois while running for the Presidency, plus the further need to give himself an identity distinct from President Truman's, had led to the establishment of a campaign headquarters in Springfield, Illinois. The National Committee headquarters in Washington was left with very little to do. To avoid a repetition of this needless duplication, Stevenson and Butler were understood to have reached an agreement that the 1956 campaign would be run from Washington and that Stevenson's personal staff would be incorporated into the operations of the Democratic National Committee.

But all these plans went awry at the 1956 convention. To start with, the Stevenson men were irritated by Butler's stiff-necked refusal to give them any preferred treatment when it came to the allotment of tickets of admission. Then there was a flare-up over the question whether the Vice-Presidential nominee should be chosen by Stevenson or be left for the convention in an open fight. Butler insisted that Stevenson should do the choosing; Stevenson felt that it was up to the convention to make the choice. There was a related controversy over the question of whether Stevenson should give his acceptance speech before or after the nomination of a Vice-Presidential candidate. Butler wanted all the defeated aspirants and former President Truman to be brought together for a climactic Friday-night meeting after the Vice-Presidential nomination to hear Stevenson's acceptance speech and to be cheered to the rafters by the party. But Stevenson insisted on speaking Thursday.

The tensions born of these disagreements led to a "dump Butler" movement in the Stevenson entourage. Butler himself heard about it for the first time on the evening of Friday, August 16, after the 1956 convention was adjourned, but he had no chance to ask Stevenson about it. The next morning, a meeting of the newly chosen Democratic National Committee was set for ten o'clock in a ballroom of the Blackstone Hotel; as is customary, the Presidential nominee was invited to attend, to receive an ovation and say a few words.

At nine-fifteen Saturday morning, Butler got word that Stevenson wanted to see him at his suite. Thirty-five minutes later, the two men were face to face for an excruciatingly painful meeting. It was plain that Stevenson wanted Butler to resign as national chairman, but could not bring himself to



put it in terms of a blunt order. Butler, unwilling to resign voluntarily, was waiting to hear Stevenson give the order. Stevenson remarked that James Finnegan had become a valuable man to him in the course of his primary fight for the Presidential nomination. Butler observed that he knew that to be the case but that he had made his own plans on the basis of what he understood to be an agreement reached with Stevenson two months previously.

At ten-fifty in the morning, Butler said that he felt he had to go down and open the meeting of the National Committee, which was now fifty minutes late in getting started. It was left that Stevenson would appear before the committee once he had made up his mind about the chairmanship. When Butler himself got to the meeting room, he was collared by several of the committeemen who wanted to know the reason for the delay; Butler told them about his interview with Stevenson, sparing none of the details. There was at once set in motion a procession of speeches extolling Butler's work as national chairman.

In the meantime, Speaker Sam Rayburn had wandered into the room. Back in December, 1954, at the New Orleans meeting where Butler had been elected, Rayburn had arrived on the scene to persuade Steve Mitchell to stay on as national chairman. He didn't like Finnegan. He didn't like DiSalle. He didn't know Butler. He was all for the *status quo*. Now once again, at the Blackstone in 1956, he preferred the known to the unknown. He beckoned to Butler to come down from the rostrum and asked him what the tumult was all about. He was told that somebody seemed to be pressuring Stevenson to put Finnegan in as national chairman. Rayburn told Butler to sit tight; he would have a few words of his own to say to Stevenson.

Whether the few words were conclusive is still a subject of dispute. Due weight must be given to what happened at the end of the laudatory speeches. With only a few dissenting votes, a resolution was adopted directing Butler not to resign as national chairman even if he was asked to do so by the Presidential candidate. Butler would have had no choice if Stevenson had bluntly told him to get out, but the sentiment the resolution expressed brought tears to his eyes.

Minutes later, Butler was summoned to Stevenson's suite and was told that he would stay on as national chairman but that Finnegan would serve as the candidate's personal campaign manager. Butler said he didn't think a divided responsibility was wise but that he would go along with it.

During the entire campaign Butler conferred with Stevenson once and with Finnegan twice. He was not even asked how the Presidential candidate should make his appearance in Indiana, where Butler was still the national committeeman.

The Tie That Binds

Ironically, it was the Stevenson defeat in 1956, clouding as it did his future Presidential prospects, that made Butler the caretaker of Democratic Party leadership. Once again the campaign had filled the ranks of the Democratic Party organizations in the North with a new kind of worker. Once again the cleavage between the Congressional Democrats and the Presidential Democrats was apparent. If these new party workers were to be held straight through to the 1960 Presidential elections, a new party mechanism had to be devised to speak for the Presidential Democrats.

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A number of steps were taken to fill this vacuum. First there was the invention of the Democratic Advisory Council of the Democratic National Committee, whose mission was to formulate broad policy positions of a kind that would sustain a national image of the party as against the Congressional image.

To be sure, Butler was not the originator of the Advisory Council. But he has become closely identified with it, in part by deliberate design and in part because of the Southern Democratic Congressional attacks on it—and him. Indeed, Butler has always been particularly fortunate in the enemies he has made.

During the beauty-contest line-up of possible 1960 nominees the council sponsored earlier this month in New York, he had reason to smile over the widely remarked absence of Senator Lyndon Johnson, who would have nothing to do with the council at its birth. All the other hopefuls—despite some early reluctance to do so—have seen fit to give themselves a distinct "Northern liberal" identity by accepting invitations to serve on the council. Three of the latest recruits have been Governor "Pat" Brown and Senators John Kennedy and Stuart Symington.

THE ADVISORY COUNCIL is the best known of the new institutional innovations that have occurred under Butler's chairmanship. In the camp of the opposition party, Republican National Chairman Meade Alcorn and his successor Senator Thruston Morton have set up an equivalent body to speak for the Presidential Republicans in *their* own contest with Congressional Republicans. Yet from the standpoint of party structure, the less well-known innovations over which Butler presided are perhaps the more important ones. Thus the National Committee has taken the unprecedented step of appointing six regional representatives whose job is not that of campaigning or trouble shooting or one-shot projects, but the day-to-day co-ordination of national and state programs. This may be the beginning of a bridge over the historic gap that has always divided the National Committee of the party from the state committees.

In a second move to keep the party organization strong and intact between campaigns, a corps of educators and scholars has been put to work in co-operation with state committees to train and certify more than six hundred volunteer instructors for a precinct workers training program. These volunteer instructors in turn have thus far given courses to more than fifteen thousand new and old party workers in more than thirty states. In line with this leadership-training program for precinct workers, executive leadership conferences were launched in 1958 for state and county party officials.

A new financial link has also been established between the Democratic National Committee and individual Democrats throughout the country. Beginning in 1957, some thirty-five thousand Democrats have made regular annual contributions of ten dollars or more in order to become "sustaining members" of the Demo-

cratic National Committee. This diversification of the party's financial support is another step in the creation of a truly national party replacing an informal conglomeration of local parties that attempt to function as a unit every four years.

The Right Place at the Right Time

All these innovations which now establish the National Committee at the front of the party's development naturally tend to increase Butler's own strength. And when he has been lacking in strength, the press frequently supplies it for him by the manner in which it has reported his statements.

For example, it is difficult to find any direct utterance of his that justifies the view the South takes of him as an aggressor threatening to expel Southerners from the Democratic Party unless they go along with him on civil-rights questions. The view stems rather from the character of reporters' questions which lead to replies that can be taken out of context and made to appear inflammable. A Southern counterattack on him follows, which in turn makes him the hero of those Northern Democrats for whom civil rights is the great issue of politics.

Or again, the press has intervened to twist the accounts of what he said about the Johnson-Rayburn management of the Congress. These two men, who are every bit as proud as Butler himself, proceed to act as if their honor had in fact been brought into question by Butler. So they blast away at him, and this in turn leads many Northern liberals, who have their own quarrel to pick with the Johnson-Rayburn operation, to rally to Butler's side as if in defense of their own political lives.

THIS INFURIATES the "old pros" who want to get rid of him but don't quite know how to do it without appearing anti-liberal themselves. Whatever their personal interest in this or that 1960 Presidential candidate, they know that they must have the support of Democrats in the Great Lakes region, the Northwest, and the Pacific Coast, where Butler has the fairly solid support of the present national committeemen. Since Butler has made the liberal cause his own cause, his enemies in the party are in a quandary about how to get at him.

Recently, some of the "old pros" seem bent on trying to starve him out by withholding contributions of state quotas to the treasury of the Democratic National Committee. This may do the trick where nothing else has succeeded. Yet Butler is not without the means of a counterattack. He has informed state leaders that the delegations to the 1960

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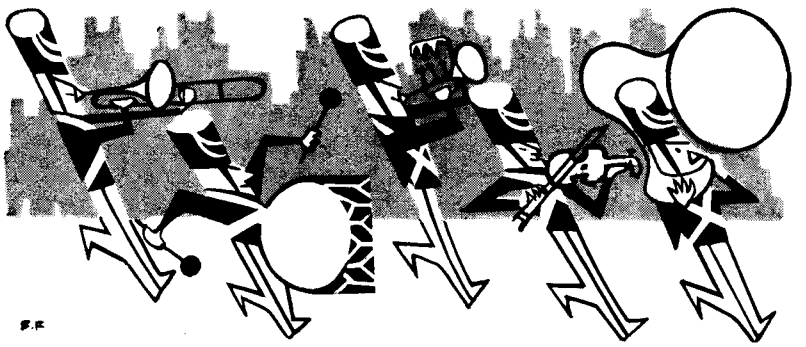
Democratic convention will be housed and seated in accordance with the extent to which they have met their quotas by April of 1960. There will certainly be a hot fight over this when the National Committee next meets in Washington. But Butler is well armed to deal with that row if it develops. He has proposed that all national committeemen should automatically become members of the state delegations to the next convention—and it is pretty likely that the majority of them will uphold him in any fight over the financial quotas, as a mark of gratitude for this proposal.

IT IS WORTH NOTING that in the Republican Party, the national chairman is also becoming more and more of a public figure whose concern goes beyond the traditional one of raising money. Leonard Hall was the last of the old breed. The new breed—Meade Alcorn and Senator Thruston Morton—have been following the Butler pattern. They are highly articulate and attractive public men who "talk issues" as no Republican national chairman has ever talked them before.

Part of the explanation for this change lies in the fact that since 1953 the titular leadership of both parties has been either weak or nonexistent. In these circumstances, the professional managers have of necessity become the caretakers of party leadership. Moreover, for the Republicans and Democrats alike, the patronage type of party organization is on the way out. A national chairman must therefore seek to recruit workers primarily by appealing to their enthusiasms. And as part of that same recruitment program, a national chairman must now spend more time addressing himself to the general public than to the party faithful.

By what in retrospect looks almost like a series of accidents, Paul Butler happened to be in the right place at the right time both to express and fulfill some of these new needs in American politics. And whatever happens to Paul Butler, it seems altogether likely that the institutions he has helped create—all tending to speed the evolution of genuine national political parties—are here to stay.



'Pat' Brown—
A Man to Be Reckoned With

PAUL JACOBS

TOO MUCH of the United States, California is a strange land across the mountains, bounded on the south by Disneyland, where everybody's adult fantasies come true, and on the north by quaint cable cars clanging their way up San Francisco's steep hills. In between are thousands of miles of orange groves, broken only by kidney-shaped swimming pools. Over the entire state rises an ambiance of euphoria, an atmosphere of a permanent two-week summer vacation at Grossinger's.

It is still hard to take California seriously, despite the fact that it is now the second most populous state and soon will be the first. Until recently it has also been hard to take seriously either California politics or its new governor, Edmund G. ("Pat") Brown.

But a change is taking place, a change noted not just by Democrats but by Republicans like former Senator William Knowland, who, crushed by Brown in the last gubernatorial race, now says, "Other candidates who treat Governor Edmund G. Brown as only a favorite son entry for the 1960 Democratic presidential nomination are going to get a shock." To be sure, Brown has a lot of handicaps to overcome in whatever quest he may make for the nomination, and not the least of them is the image he has projected in the past. Whatever the nature of that image, all the other Democratic Presidential aspirants have been making a pilgrimage to the West, knowing that their private miracle cannot come to pass without the intercession of California on their behalf. And for 1960 California means, above all, a heavy-set man who has discovered that flabbiness, physical or political, can only be overcome by exercising the muscles.

"If you don't think well of yourself, who else will?" asks Pat Brown. Did he believe he was Presidential timber? "Well, I have never been accused of hiding my light behind a bushel," answered the governor. "I yield to no man."

PUBLICLY, Brown hasn't yielded to many men since he became a professional politician at the age of fifteen. He was in high school then and held eleven student offices, ranging from secretary of the camera club, although he wasn't especially interested in photography, to athletic yell leader, a post to which he was elected by the entire student body and which he "most successfully filled," according to the school yearbook. Then as now, he could hardly be accused of being either a coy politician or a reluctant candidate.

But while few students at Lowell High School had any doubts about Brown's ability as a yell leader, lots and lots of people, including many of his good friends, have been genuinely surprised at the ability he has demonstrated as governor. In Cali-

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fornia, Pat Brown is no longer thought of as merely a successful glad-handing politician who happens to be in control of one of the most powerful Democratic states.

None of his friends or supporters and only one prominent political opponent (now retired) has ever underestimated Brown's ability to get votes. The reservations about Brown have always been over his capacities and his willingness to take strong positions. Before becoming governor he was frequently described as having the firmness of a bowl of Jell-O. In California that comparison is rarely heard any more.

The new Brown showed up first in his dealings with the legislature. He did not hesitate, for example, to crack the whip on legislators who were reluctant to support his program; as a result, he succeeded in putting through more than thirty measures he supported. He lost out on only five bills: one dealt with labor reform and one set minimum wages for farm workers.

During the session, Brown managed to come into conflict with almost every organized lobby in the state. His tax bill, which raised $220 million in new levies, was criticized by organized labor because it included new taxes on cigarettes and beer. The liquor industry was then set back when Brown vetoed a bill that would have guaranteed a twenty per cent profit to retailers on hard-liquor sales. The farmers, who were able to beat back the minimum-wage bill for farm workers, were angered when Brown dismissed officials of the state employment agency who were acting more in the interests of the growers than of the workers.

Brown's major accomplishment in the recent session was his success in getting a $1.75-billion water-bond proposal through the legislature. The proposal, which does not have the unqualified and enthusiastic support given by liberal Democrats to the rest of Brown's program, has some grave inherent defects, but it is the first attempt to organize the water chaos into some semblance of rationality. Even if Brown does come a cropper on the water program, he can take some satisfaction from the fact that a decision was made during the session to face a situation that has been degenerating into anarchy and bitter conflicts between the northern and southern parts of the state.

Although Brown and his staff have received most of the credit for this amazingly good legislative performance, much of the credit must go to the fact that for the first time in many years there is an overwhelmingly Democratic legislature. Brown's floor leader, Assemblyman Jesse Unruh from Los Angeles, helped greatly, although relations now seem a little cool between the two.

The Two Californias

Part of the explanation for Brown's successful career is understandable only in the context of California's politics. California is really two states with quite different characteristics: the exotic semi-tropical south and the cooler, staider north. These

are divided by the less interesting hot, dry agricultural central valley area. The tone of southern California, cut off from the central valley by the high Tehachapi Mountains, is set by Los Angeles, a huge, improbable city that spreads like an amoeba into every possible bit of living space available to it. With thousands of new residents attracted to it every year, with its industries growing larger all the time, with its new inhabitants taking fierce pride even in the discomforts of its size, acrid smog, and jammed freeways, Los Angeles possesses a bizarre vitality unkown in other parts of the state. And as befits a semi-tropical climate, politics in rapidly growing southern California is a jungle where survival depends on sharp teeth and strong claws. In such a society, newness is no handicap, for everyone is a recent arrival.

Not so in northern California, whose spiritual capital is San Francisco, a charming and beautiful city of only a little more than three-quarters of a million people, many of whom snobbishly, with occasional pretensions and a good deal of preciousness, maintain an old tradition of gracious cosmopolitan living.

In San Francisco, the rules of politics are traditional and well understood. Political office and influence is the prerogative of local people whose social status then rises with their success. The city is heavily Catholic, but also has an extremely wealthy, tight-knit, and generally conservative Jewish community in the background, with a tradition of philanthropy. Civic duties are taken seriously by many of the city's old families, although they rarely seek political office for themselves. As one who possesses a great quantity of the politician's elixir, the mysterious quality of electability, Brown has been an ideal candidate for these northern groups to support, especially since before his election as governor he took few controversial positions. As a result, he was aided by both Republicans and Democrats.

BROWN WAS BORN in San Francisco in 1905. His father was a Roman Catholic; his mother is not. She is a strong and vital personality who has had great influence upon him. She was a great lecturegoer and a great believer in the value of education, and sought to expose her four children to a variety of intellectual experiences. "When I was a little kid," says Brown, "I remember being taken by my mother to a debate between an Othodox Jewish rabbi and a Reform one, with a Unitarian minister acting as the moderator."

Brown attended a Catholic parochial school for a while but got most of his education in the public schools. At Lowell, one of the oldest and most distinguished high schools

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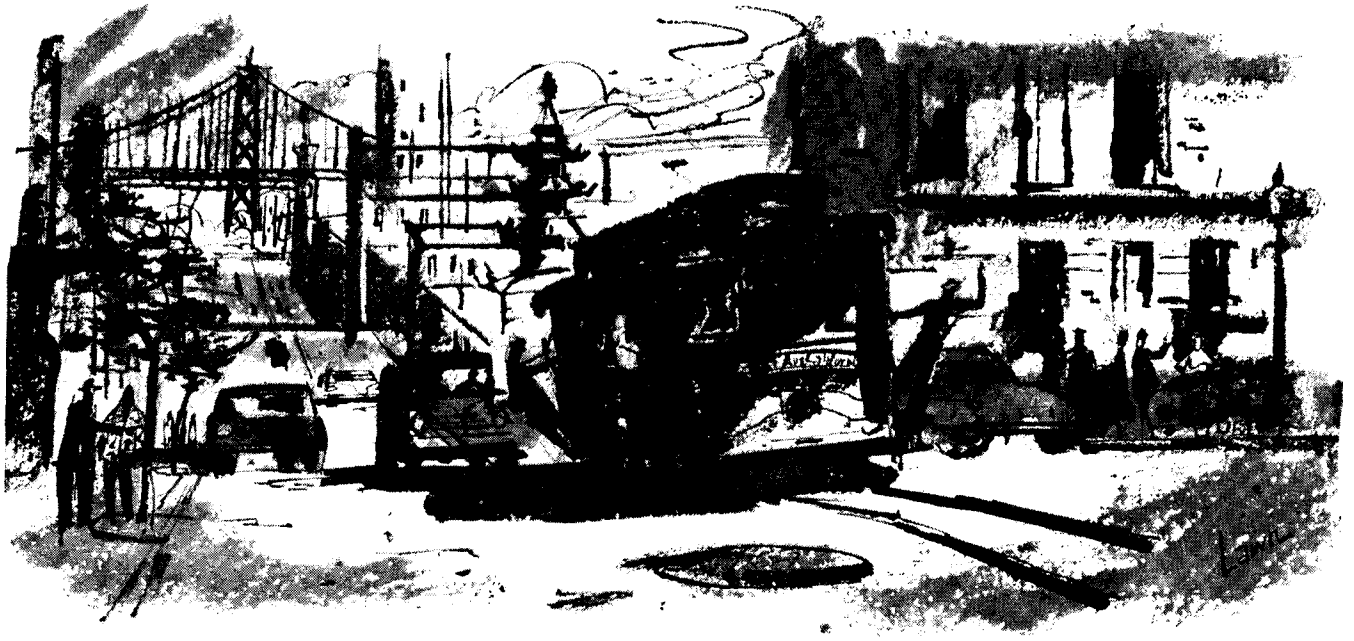

in the West, which drew its students, rich and poor, from all over the city, Brown began his political career, supported by friends with whom he has maintained lasting relationships.

But when his contemporaries at Lowell went on to college, Brown went to work in his father's combination cigar store and poker room, one in a series of the elder Brown's unsuccessful business ventures. Then, helped by his mother's urging, he studied law at night and acquired his law degree, which at that time could be obtained without a formal college education.

BROWN first ran for the state assembly (as a Republican) in 1928. He was badly defeated. He then opened a law office with a brother and began to prosper. But politics, not the law, was always his true vocation, and Brown knew that at some point he would have to begin working full-time at it.

In 1939 Brown, by this time a Democrat, decided to run for district attorney of San Francisco. He was aided by some of his old friends, banded together in a group with the rather grandiose name "Order of Cincinnatus." The "order" no longer exists except as an active bond between its ex-members, and, at the time, was concerned with local politics and enjoyment, in that order. Not even the help of the Cincinnati or of his old schoolmates from Lowell was enough to elect Brown district attorney in his first attempt. But in 1943 he ran again and won.

As district attorney, Brown seems to have been an adequate though not especially brilliant performer. But in the old-fashioned restaurants of downtown San Francisco where businessmen and politicians gathered to eat their substantial lunches, there was more and more talk of his possible political future, talk that he never discouraged.

In 1946 he took his first step toward state office, running for attorney general. Once again he was defeated; once again, in the 1950 election, he was victorious on his second attempt. When he ran for re-election as state attorney general in 1954, crossfiling was still in existence and Brown won both the Democratic and Republican primaries, piling up a huge total vote.

During his tenure as attorney general, Brown continued with the middle-of-the-road strategy he had adopted as district attorney. He avoided controversy wherever possible, made as many friends and as few enemies as he could, and played golf. But as his political horizon broadened, so did his intellectual aspirations.

Brown is a voracious newspaper reader. On arriving in a new city his first request is for the local press and nothing makes him happier than a fresh newspaper, preferably one with a favorable story about himself prominently featured in it. But he also tries to read the New York *Times* every day. Brown is a steady clipper of items from the papers, stuffing them in his pockets to be passed on to his staff later for action or study.

For many years, Brown's Catholicism appears to have been largely formal. But in 1936, despite the fact that neither his mother nor his wife was a Catholic, he returned actively to the Church. His two brothers and sister still remain outside it but his son, the eldest of four children, is now studying in a Jesuit seminary. As a Catholic, Brown would probably identify himself with the Church's politically liberal wing.

'I *Like* Being Governor'

Although Brown's handsome wife, Bernice, is doing a dignified and competent job as California's first lady, she is not absorbed in the world of politics. Brown is, and he instinctively foresees the steps that will most effectively bring his own election and survival. Indeed, one of the biggest complaints against Brown is that until he ran for governor, personal survival meant so much to him that he did very little for any other candidate and never identified himself closely with the Democratic Party when the Republicans were in power.

Brown not only enjoys politics; he frankly enjoys its emoluments.

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"I *like* being governor," he says, and obviously he does. It is fine, he thinks, to be driven in an air-conditioned limousine to the airport where a National Guard plane awaits him. Brown's candid appreciation of the just rewards of politics is rather refreshing these days, when it is somehow considered not quite seemly for politicians to talk about what they gain from their careers but only to expatiate solemnly upon the great sacrifices they make in order to carry out their public duties.

The crowd, too, the potential voters in mass, contributes to Brown's enjoyment. "I like people," he says, and unlike some political leaders who express similar sentiments but are basically uneasy with masses of people, Brown really means it. He eagerly dives into large groups of people as if they were swimming pools on a hot day. The crowd makes Brown come alive, it gives him sustenance, it is the element in which he lives best and from which he derives his energy. He likes waving at people, stopping to shake their hands, and being identified by them as Pat Brown. He doesn't mind being photographed milking a cow or congratulating a beauty queen. He actually enjoys making speeches, though he is far better at spontaneous remarks than at formal addresses.

When Brown wants to avoid making an outright refusal in difficult decisions or if he thinks circumlocution is required, he talks not only in circles but in labyrinthine spirals. In the past there were many complaints that he exercised this skill too frequently. But as Brown's career has developed, he has vacillated less and less, taken firm positions more and more. There is a growing sense of responsibility about him, a willingness to learn and make principled decisions when they are necessary. He is, in fact, far more complex than he at first appears, continually torn between his desire to be liked by as many people as possible and by a growing concern for principle.

Still, there are some issues, particularly those involving foreign affairs, on which Brown is woefully weak. He seems aware of this deficiency. Even though he is somewhat sensitive about not having had formal college training, he has surrounded himself with a well-educated and competent staff, including some men who have been and still are frequently critical of him. Brown's staff people—most of whom are comparatively young—try to give him a wider perspective on national and international issues.

The Democratic Clubs

Before he became governor, Brown's ties with state Democratic Party operations were not notably close. When he was attorney general, many of his personal supporters were Republicans, and Brown still has reasonably good relations with those segments of the business community which are normally oriented toward Republican candidates. Whatever coolness this may have engendered among Democrats, his 1954 victory, when he won both party nominations in the primary, put him willy-nilly in the position of Democratic Party leader in California.

Since he has become governor, his prestige has gone up with the California Democratic Clubs, although it is obvious that he is still not their ideal. The feeling is probably reciprocated, but it is also obvious that neither Brown nor the clubs will ever come into open conflict if it possibly can be avoided.

An open fight is possible, however, between Brown and Paul Ziffren, the California Democratic national committeeman. These two utter the usual clichés about their admiration for each other's talents and maintain an air of public amity, but beneath the surface a great deal of tension is developing between them. It has not been eased by the laudatory articles about Ziffren which have been appearing in national magazines, identifying him as the basic architect of the clubs and of the new Democratic Party in the West.

On the issues, there are not very many great differences between the two men, but their personalities differ sharply. Ziffren, a high-strung tax lawyer from Chicago who came to Los Angeles after the war, could not have been as politically successful in northern California as he has been in Los Angeles, where politics is in as much a state of turmoil as the population itself. He has more intellectual polish than Brown, although it is possible that with the tutoring Brown is getting he will soon be able to match phrases with Ziffren.

If a showdown ever comes between the two men, there can be little doubt about who will win. It is Brown who was elected governor, who got the huge majority, and who can swing his weight, if need be, against an opponent who professes to have only an amateur's part-time interest in politics.

Some men collapse after they achieve power, while others grow into new responsibilities. Although Brown still occasionally demonstrates his old tendency to vacillate and avoid unpleasant decisions, he has also demonstrated more courage than was expected of him. And if lightning does strike in July, 1960, Brown will be ready for it. If it doesn't—well, he's only fifty-two and 1964 isn't so far away, especially on a politician's timetable.

Even those who view Brown's Presidential aspirations with skepticism sensed that it was more than a mere rhetorical flourish when former President Truman introduced the California governor at the Democratic Advisory Council's recent dinner in New York as "a man to be reckoned with."

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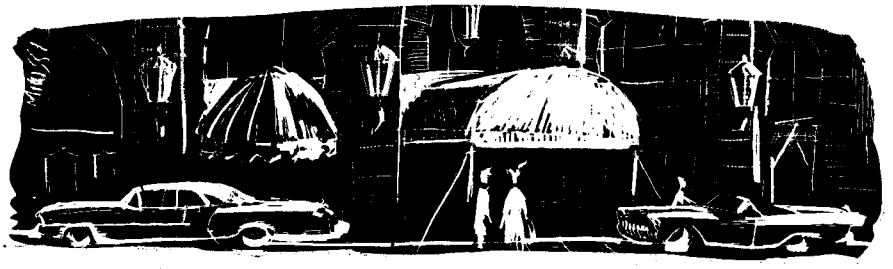

THE NEW YORK I KNOW:

I. The West Seventies

MARYA MANNES

AT FOUR O'CLOCK in the morning—not before and not after—the only sound on Central Park West in the seventies is the clopping of horses' hooves. It is the homeward run of one of the Plaza broughams, and it is the only sound—apart from the bull roar of ocean liners, outward bound—that has remained constant since my youth on the West Side.

The time of it, to be sure, is different, since children are not awake at four in the morning, listening. The hooves were heard in the daytime in the Park, and with any luck close by; for it was a major treat during childhood convalescences to ride in an open victoria in the bright still air. And the clopping was loud because no other sound, in those simple days, was louder, except for the purring of a snub-nosed Renault or a lordly Pierce-Arrow down the empty avenues.

Now this sound of hooves is a profoundly melancholy evocation. The horse, you know as you lie in the dark, is not only an anachronism but a freak. Not only a freak, but a worn-out, spavined, low-headed, spiritless beast; and you wonder how he stands that last long pull to his stable at that hour. He is really half dead.

And the West Side I once knew is wholly dead, the tale of what has happened to it in thirty-five years a parable of decline, harshly tangible. And if the West Side I speak of here is only one small segment of the long strip that borders the Hudson on one side and Central Park and Fifth Avenue on the other, it suffers the same sickness as the rest, and contains, perhaps, greater and closer extremes of wealth and poverty than other parts.

ONLY ONE FACTOR of the West Sixties and Seventies has remained constant in the last decades: ugliness. Except for two views—of the great River and the variable Park—there is nothing in the streets or avenues to excite or solace the eye. Three buildings only were awesome to a child: the Dakota Apartments at Seventy-second Street and Central Park West, the Museum of Natural History five blocks north, and the Schwab Mansion on Riverside Drive. None had beauty, but the first two are still heavily impressive in the Victorian manner: massive, thick-walled, ornamented, and somber. The last, a monstrous pile in bastardized château style, has long since been razed and supplanted by a huge apartment complex. But at least it was grandiose and mysterious, and the lawns through the iron railings were brilliantly green and velvet-smooth.

The dullness of houses and apartments fronting the Hudson were—and are—redeemed by the majestic sweep of the River and the rocky wall of the Jersey side, defaced and cluttered though it is by the cheap accidents of private greed, bereft, in the manner of most of our cities, of public vision. It is one of the social ironies of Manhattan that the grand prospects and superior air of Riverside Drive should have been shunned, even in my time, by the fashionable and the rich, to whom the right address with the right neighbors is worth any price in cash and congestion. "Nice" people lived on Riverside Drive in my youth—the families of schoolmates I envied, for my view on Amsterdam Avenue was a clutter of warehouses and buildings crisscrossed with fire escapes, and a clatter of tracks. Nice people live there still, for the exposure of the Drive, the brightness and clearness, and the piercing winds of winter are no attraction to the creatures of darkness who infest the side streets in this part of town. Here, on the Drive, are people in love with the river and the sun, at all hours, in all seasons, and who must—by the sheer constant presence of natural forces—be somehow cleansed by them. Even dull and viewless West End Avenue has a spaciousness that allows man to breathe, and an exemption from visible commerce that allows him other thoughts than buying or selling.

AS FOR THE BROWNSTONES—street after street after street of them, running from River to Park—they once provided, as do certain streets in European cities, the peace of monotony, the pattern of stability. But here is the greatest change of all in thirty-five years. These houses, tenanted each by one family, polished and scoured by maids, the glass of the windows bright, spelled safety. An apartment-house child like myself looked upon them with a certain wistfulness: it was exciting—a privilege—to visit a girl in one of them. The long flights of stairs, the red-damask walls, and the globe lamps were like a theater, and there were corners for hiding games and escape from parents.

Now these same brownstones have an evil look, singly and corporately. Nearly all of them have become rooming houses, run by landlords who preside over their decay. So many of the windows are gray with grime, their yellow shades dirty and torn, so many of the stoops and cornices are crumbled, that the single clean window with flower boxes is a gesture of courage and gallantry, and the single painted façade a constant

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reproach to surrounding sloth and neglect.

"Nice" people still live in these brownstones—many of them refugees of the late 1930's, German and Austrian Jews who are psychiatrists, scholars, musicians, teachers, artisans, unable to afford living elsewhere; together with a number of American professionals, they form islands of decency in a brown sea of squalor. For greater poverty has moved in next to them: Puerto Ricans crowded ten in a room, spilling over the stoops into the streets, forced through no fault of their own to camp indoors as well as out, warming their souls on the television set and blanking out thought with the full volume of radio. And for every mother who keeps her bare room tidy and her children spotless, there are those who shuffle, pregnant, with five children, to market; their long hair matted, their high heels worn, gaudy in magenta. And for every clean and cheerful and diligent delivery boy or proficient and pretty manicurist, there are the sullen boys with pomaded ducktails and the tough girls with scornful eyes, hanging around the stoops, chattering roughly. Although the Puerto Ricans are no tougher or rougher, no more sullen or scornful than native New York equivalents here and elsewhere, they have taken over, without will or design but merely by numbers and poverty, those parts of the city doomed by avarice and abandonment to be slums. Their only sin lies in their majority: they outnumber their white neighbors-in-squalor—the perverts, addicts, delinquents, criminals, and failures who infest the city.

Thirty years ago there were mad people and bad people in those brownstones too. But their insanity and sin were private then; they did not invade the street, fouling the public air and affronting the eye.

Sometimes, on a very cold and brilliant winter day, when the windows of all the brownstones are closed and the street is empty of people, a row of them in one of the "better" streets can still revive some illusion of their past, some vision of order, however melancholy. But in summer the sores are open and the infection visible.

And the avenues—Broadway, Amsterdam, and Columbus—what of them? They had then, as they have now, the faceless, planless ugliness of all American cities. But it is no exercise in nostalgia to say that the ugliness then was clean and cheerful—an amiable hodgepodge of low buildings along wide streets—while now it is for the most part sordid and littered, a shoddy monument to quick growth and quicker senescence. Broadway in its upper reaches has a sort of bustling brashness, and in summer there is a certain pathos in the little concrete islands between traffic where old people and tired people sit with their faces lifted to the sun, numb to the enveloping roar of truck and bus. They are too old and too tired to walk west to the River or east to the Park; and it is a testament to the brutality of our cities that this is all they have.

As FOR THE RICH and favored—and the West Side still has its share—they live in the big apartment buildings that face Central Park, from the low Sixties to the high Eighties. It is only a line one building thick that separates them from the rotting brownstones and the rotting poor, with the exception of Seventy-second, Seventy-seventh, and Eighty-first Streets, where the line is one block thick. To live in these places is not as expensive as in their Fifth

Avenue counterparts across the trees and lakes, but it is far from cheap and is costing more yearly. The apartments are large and usually well maintained, and only the doormen are apt to reflect the inferior social geography: they are neither as arrogant nor as efficient as their East Side brothers.

But West Side richness is different from East Side wealth, not only because it is predominantly Jewish, derived in large part from the dress business and show business, but because the women dress conspicuously for show. Nowhere is this ostentation more visible than in the beauty salon where they—and I—go for our hair.

Take Mrs. Stein, the wife of a lining manufacturer. She changes the color of her hair every three months. In this last year she has been platinum mauve, strawberry blonde, and auburn red, and she has now expressed a nostalgia for her own color: "Maybe it's softer?" She spends at least nine hours a week in the salon, and I have never seen her in the same dress, although each dress is similarly tight over hips and bust. In the middle of a weekday she wears all her jewelry—four heavy gold bracelets, a diamond watch, a diamond ring the size of an acorn, pearls, pearl and diamond earrings, and two gold and diamond clips. Like many of the other ladies, Mrs. Stein goes in heavily for plastic, especially in summer: transparent plastic handbags and plastic mules with very high heels. Her mink stoles are extra long, her mink coats are extra dark, and whenever she has a party ahead she has her hair set specially for it, usually in the most extreme current style. Her rather battered face is now framed by a wide solid puff of auburn, high on the head.

Or take Shirley, as they call her there. Shirley is as beautiful as a show girl. In fact, she was one until her more permanent establishment as the friend of an East Side gentleman in a West Side flat. She is far smarter than Mrs. Stein, but she too dresses daily as others might dress for cocktails, wearing her treasures.

Some of the ladies, on the other hand, live in the hotel in which the salon is situated, and they appear in tight toreador pants, sweaters, and flats, not emerging from their apartments until evening. But their conversation is of yachts in Florida, cruises in winter, and fun at the Concord.

This year all the local ladies carry *Exodus* under their arms, or *Advise and Consent*. Last year it was *Only in America*, and not long ago it was *Marjorie Morningstar*. But their main preoccupations are weight, television stars, dress, and food. Yet, according to the girl who does

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her nails, Mrs. Stein "is a doll—got a heart of gold." And a lot of the others must be like her.

THE RICH spend as little time as they can west of Central Park where they live, for the pattern of their lives is either to go east for fashion and food or south for business and pleasure. They cannot be blamed for this, because there are only two attractions a westward stroll can offer (except for the River, and who walks there?). One is pastries and one is delicatessen, and the best of both are here in profusion. In one block alone are seven pastry shops, all good; within two blocks, six delicatessens, one with the best smoked salmon in the city.

Yet while there are twenty-seven bars in a ten-block area of two avenues, there is not one really good bookshop, and the florists are few and mean. The woman in search of good wholesome provender in vegetables and fruits must choose between one stand six long blocks away or a series of groceries offering produce so flabby and wilted that it is one small remove from garbage. Nor have the sophistications of East Side food shelves reached the West Side: vain is the search for imported jams and delicacies, for the less usual fruits and greens. The stores that stock them are too far for easy shopping and too expensive for telephoning. On the West Side, money cannot buy any of the many small pleasures that make the act of living pleasurable; it can buy only escape.

Thus the successful men can escape to business, and the successful women can remain in their comfortable rooms overlooking the Park and telephone for what they need, avoiding contact wherever possible with their environment and their neighbors.

But while this may keep them safe and uncontaminated, they are divorcing themselves from a truth that concerns them urgently: a pocket of cancer threatens every healthy cell of blocks. One short walk daily, in summer and winter, would tell them all they needed to know of a corrupt, diseased, and self-destroying town.

SO COME WITH ME—preferably on some clement morning—from Central Park West on Seventy-second, heading west. It is a broad street, flanked on both sides—except for a parking lot on one—by tall apartment buildings, of which the Dakota is the oldest and the most distinguished, and by apartment hotels with faintly baronial Anglo-Saxon names. The masculine residents of these hotels are not on the street in daytime, not even—except in very warm weather—the few old men. One suspects, in fact, that the great majority of their inhabitants are elderly women. They are everywhere visible: those over thirty in mink, those over fifty in black Persian lamb, their hair at all ages fresh from the hairdresser and usually ash blonde, their faces carefully tinted, their bags expensive. With the older women especially you get the feeling that their sons have been good to Mama, setting her up in a nice hotel and giving her the best of everything except their presence. For this is a lonely race of women without husbands or family, passing their time with cards and television and charities, or in the beauty salon. If you stripped them of their furs, their tints, and their cosmetics, they would be the old gossips on the streets of Odessa or Tel Aviv, but they would be real and their faces would not be masks of emptiness. Yet perhaps these ladies on this particular street are the lucky ones, for at the hairdresser you hear the refrain over and over again: "They had to put her away; she couldn't remember anything."

Between the hotels and Columbus Avenue there is a brief strip of commerce: a newsdealer and candy shop, a cleaner's, a tailor's, a furrier's, a Slenderella salon, and a hamburger bar, exhaling a greasy breath. Turn left, then, on Columbus, a broad avenue with truck-filled traffic thundering one way south like a herd of bison. On this corner is a newsstand presided over by a fat woman with cold black eyes and containing—besides the usual mass magazines, papers, and comics—Spanish, Jewish, German, and Russian periodicals, and a copious display of pornography ranging from the sophisticated slicks to small butcher-paper magazines devoted to violence, sadism, perversion, and just plain smut. This is a standard assortment of the district, well patronized.

There is nothing unusual about this particular block as you turn left—a drugstore, a delicatessen, a lingerie shop, a candy and comics parlor, a grocer, two bars—but the people on it reveal its temper and style. You may see, for instance, a thin girl in tight pants, her pale face free of makeup except for eye black, and her hair arranged in loose and stringy Bardot fashion. She is carrying a bundle of wash to the laundromat, eying and eyed by two boys with pompadour cuts and short leather jackets. She might be an unemployed television actress or, simply, a slut.

In the dark interior of the bar with an Irish name, at an early afternoon hour, sit four men, drinking but not speaking. Their heads turn to see a woman stumble out into the street. She is middle-aged, her face is puffy, her thin hair matted, and her stockings wrinkled above her clumsy shoes as she wanders uncertainly down the street. She is seeing nothing and going nowhere, but she knows enough to wait for the lights before crossing the avenue.

A Negro girl with bright-red hair and defiant mouth and eyes comes out of a squalid hotel across the street and walks south slowly and provocatively, her breasts sharp in a tight jersey, her small buttocks moving in tight pants. As she passes the open door of the bar, the men inside look and snigger, but her eyes are where her thoughts are, and who knows them? But she knows the thoughts of others as she walks by.

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Three youths in dungarees walk north, and even a half block away their walk is unnatural. As they come close you can see that all three have painted lips, that one wears marcelled hair in a bob and a long string of beads, that another has false breasts under his shirt, and that the third, a Negro, has a boxer's build and a dancer's gait. As they walk they talk in high exaggerated lisping speech, uttering short obscenities and laughing at them. Some of the people they pass laugh back at them, but most draw away, revulsion in their eyes, as they step aside to let the profane and hideous trio pass.

WHEN YOU REACH Seventy-first Street and before you cross it, you notice the old man leaning against a corner railing there: his perch. Long and gangling, with his wide felt hat and toothless grinning face, he looks like an ancient hillbilly gone to seed. Sometimes he babbles to friends from the neighboring bar, sometimes he does a little jig on the pavement and sings a cracked and jumbled tune. It is hard to tell how foolish he is: there is something in his eyes that betrays knowledge; of men, of animals, of descent. In all these he finds humor.

On the next block, nothing will catch your eye (or would have caught it until a month ago) but a marvelous stand of vegetables—the freshest, the biggest, the shiniest peas and tomatoes and eggplants and parsley and lettuce and spinach and carrots you ever saw. Sitting watching them is a white-haired man in a white coat, and he watches them with positive love, sprinkling them with water on hot days, arranging them so that no fruit bruises another and no vegetable is without air. If you are innocent and ask him how much are the peas, he will say in a strong foreign accent, "Fifty cents a pound," and you say, incredulously, "Fifty cents a pound?" or "I'm afraid that's too high," and he will turn on you and heap abuse and tell you he doesn't want you as a customer if you can't tell a good pea from a bad one, to go away and leave him alone. So many people have gone away and left him alone, sitting there watching his lovely lettuce, that he has now disappeared, his stand taken over by a man without love for spinach and celery, content to sell anything. "Crazy," says the florist next door. But the old abusive man and his beautiful greens belong to that block.

Turn left then at the end of the block, and walk east by the brownstones. It is a typical street of rooming houses, some with "Vacancy" signs, some with signs saying "Vedanta Society" or "World Theosophy" or "Yoga," for the West Side is full of ways to attain other levels, whether through hypnotism—"The New York Center of Hypnotism" is two blocks north—or through the attentions of a "Reader and Advisor"—a gypsy or Puerto Rican woman who divines destiny through cards or stars.

ON THE TOP FLOOR of one brownstone live two young women secretaries, sharing a two-room flat. They had lived there for some months, they said, before they realized that their landlord preferred to rent to homosexuals like himself and that they were the only women in the house. Their neighbors, in fact, were three young men, neat and well-mannered, who lent and borrowed sugar or lemons or soda as good neighbors will. The only dis-

quieting element in their proximity was the occasional content of their trash baskets set out for the night: women's hats, blouses, and accessories.

But what proved infinitely more disturbing to the two young women was their daily view from their windows on the street. They could not look out without seeing through the window of the ground floor room of the brownstone opposite: a window with shades never lowered and curtains never drawn, lit brightly at night. Directly below the window was a bed and on the bed, no matter what time they looked, a young man sprawled and awake, sometimes alone, sometimes with another youth. Finally they could not bear to look at all, drawing their blinds and shutting out the street. An older resident of the neighborhood tried to reassure them: "It goes on all over here," he said. "The place is full of bums and perverts who never work, who live on God knows what, and who want to be seen. Just forget about it."

What he might have added was that the place was even fuller of decent people who worked and were not seen, except in their places of business. There is, for instance, Mort the cleaner who takes in dirty clothes from eight in the morning until seven at night six days a week and never fails to smile as he notes them down. There are Mr. and Mrs. Kruger who are experts in Elizabethan music, their musty apartment full of the lovely round-bellied, slim-waisted instruments that used to delight the first great queen. There is Mrs. Shapiro the dressmaker who spent five years in Dachau and Belsen and whose children are buoyant Americans. There is the distinguished aging actor with his hair long on his collar who takes his spaniel for a daily run in the park. There is Mrs. Kleinerman who runs a delicatessen store with her husband and says, "If I had a brain I would die happy." There is the old porter Mike who goes home each night to eight parakeets, the goal of all his days.

THE WEST SIDE is full of people like that, who do not walk the the streets and parade their afflictions of mind and soul. They spend as little time outside the small harbors of their homes and offices as they can, shutting out the continuous small brutalities of the neighboring world and keeping their children off the streets after six at night. And among themselves, and when they meet strangers from out of town or abroad, they say: "The neighborhood gets worse every day, but what can you do? Maybe Lincoln Square will clean up some of the dirt."

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Vietnam: The First Five Years

WOLF LADEJINSKY

On the yellow plains of South Vietnam, along the road leading into the town of Cai San, little boys ride on plodding water buffalo, idling, sticks in hand, as they drive the animals home from the fields. Here, a casual observer would think, is an evening scene that has been repeated time without end; here is a town and people who have enjoyed peace and security and the harvest of their fields for a long time.

Yet less than four years ago this land was a swamp. Across it bandits and Communists moved on missions of murder, while Vietnamese nationalist troops ferreted them out. No man dared thrust a plow in the rich soil, for he could never be sure the crops would be his to reap. Its ravaged acres seemed doomed, with the rest of South Vietnam, to be overwhelmed by the Communists.

But Ngo Din Diem, who became premier in 1954 and president in 1955, was able to bring order out of chaos; and American aid sustained Ngo's government in the time of its direst need and still lends a supporting hand today when South Vietnam faces the world with much more confidence.

There is no questioning the importance of the occupant of the great cream-colored palace in Saigon that once housed France's autocratic governor generals. The short and energetic Ngo Dinh Diem, now fifty-eight, is austere and incorruptible. He has emerged from the wilderness of Vietnamese politics to become the undisputed leader of a country about the size of Georgia with a population of twelve million. A devout Catholic, essentially a conservative, he knows well both the social doctrine of his Church and the needs of his people.

President Ngo is stubborn but not inflexible; cautious but quick to act, especially in a crisis. A man of peace, he has had to wage war and keep the country prepared for war. He believes in democracy, but he is compelled to ration it.

When, on an anniversary of Vietnam's independence, I asked President Ngo about his role in it, he replied that he was but an instrument of the invisible hand of the Lord. Whether he led the country single-handed or in close cooperation with divine Providence, there is much about his five years in office that is almost incredible. The day the ex-Emperor Bao Dai and his French patrons were reluctantly compelled to offer Ngo Dinh Diem the premiership, close observers of Vietnam had all but consigned the country to perdition. At that moment their fears were logical. Ngo's mandates had no force beyond the palace grounds, and the country lay in ruins.

Today that same country is very much a going concern. Though numerous problems still bedevil the government, the toughest tests have been overcome. Risking all, President Ngo first defeated the Hoa Hao, an armed quasi-religious sect that ruled large sections of the country. He neutralized another armed sect, the Cao Dai, and eliminated in open battle the Bing Xuyen gangsters who dominated Saigon.

Ngo Dinh Diem then proceeded with the more difficult task of fighting the thousands of underground Communists left behind after the partition of the country which followed the Geneva Agreements of July, 1954. This war is far from finished; local Vietminh agents in remote areas of the western and southwestern parts of the country continue to engage in murderous missions. But the real danger to the country lies in the Communist forces poised northward on the 17th parallel, the dividing line of the partitioned country, and the ease with which the Communists can penetrate the borders of Laos and Cambodia, which flank Vietnam for a thousand miles.

The First Challenge

One of the earliest and biggest problems facing President Ngo's government was the elimination of every vestige of eighty years of French colonialism. The French Expeditionary Corps, nearly three hundred thousand strong, left Vietnam in early 1956, and a Vietnamese Army came gradually into being. The government established a National Bank to take the place of the Banque de l'Indo-Chine, which for many decades had controlled every important branch of the economy. The government created a mechanism for the transfer of American aid directly to Vietnam rather than through the French colonial administration; and the power to levy customs and tariffs, to manage foreign credit and currency, was placed in the hands of the Vietnamese. By the middle of 1956, all ties with France that could even remotely constrict Vietnam's independence were cut.

At first the solution of economic and social problems had to give way to the immediate struggle for political survival, but even at that precarious juncture the government

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dealt resolutely with what might have been one of the great tragedies of our times. Nearly nine hundred thousand refugees from the north refused to make their peace with Communism and voted with their feet to leave their ancestral homes in search of a haven in the south.

This great mass movement put the Vietnamese government and all those who came to its assistance to a severe test. It is to the lasting honor of American foreign aid that its agents acted boldly and imaginatively, still free from the hesitancy, inflexibility, and red tape that afflicted them later. The United States effectually and humanely spent $93 million in refugee aid over a period of two years, or roughly fifty dollars per person per year. There are no "refugees" in Vietnam today. Instead there are settlements like Cai San that provide the country with more skilled farmers, more tilled land, more fishermen, and more craftsmen—all contributing to the well-being of Vietnam.

Such emergencies did not obscure the fact that to attain lasting political and economic stability, Vietnam had to create a new system of government. Early landmarks in this program were the referendum in October, 1955, which eliminated the discredited Bao Dai as chief of state and elevated Ngo Dinh Diem to the presidency of the new republic, the creation of the national assembly in March, 1956, and the promulgation of Vietnam's first constitution in October of that year.

Administration Before Democracy

The basic theme of the constitution is to lodge vast powers for executive leadership and control in the president. Another theme is the freedoms guaranteed to the people of Vietnam. For the time being, the emphasis is on administrative action rather than on the democratic features of the constitution. Quick to note this, foreign observers have been unsparing in their criticism that Vietnam is anti-democratic and authoritarian. But the critics tend to judge Vietnam out of context. Can a new, underdeveloped country, long under colonial domination, living next to Communists, be expected to fashion truly democratic arrangements overnight?

Neither the country's ancient imperial tradition nor its long colonial experience was conducive to democratic ideas. Besides, while Vietnam gives the appearance of a country at peace, in reality it is at war with the Communists. Constantly threatened by a superior Communist military force from the north and by internal Communist subversion, South Vietnam cannot liberally apply the freedoms taken for granted in most western countries.

The overwhelming majority of the people in South Vietnam are not affected by the régime's authoritarianism. They have probably never enjoyed greater freedom in the conduct of their life and work or benefited in a greater variety of ways. Impatience with the government on the part of those intellectuals who want power for the asking doesn't extend to the peasantry. The future of the government is inextricably bound up with the welfare of the farmers, and government activities are geared accordingly. This is not to say that the country would not profit from a climate of political tolerance, with an active "loyal opposition." In Vietnam, however, as in a good many other ex-colonial countries, "opposition" does not foster compromise; more often than not it stands for hatred bordering on the pathological. In such an atmosphere, free competition for power must develop gradually.

Yet democracy is not a forgotten issue in Vietnam. The people have begun to exercise the ballot, which the government knows can be both a promise and a threat. When President Ngo speaks of democracy as a goal, he is not a reactionary paying tribute to liberal virtue. His aristocratic tradition is deeply influenced by western political ideas, both French and Anglo-Saxon. He believes that Vietnam's chances of survival as a non-Communist nation are greater as a democracy than as a dictatorship.

The problem the president faces is whether in the midst of a life-and-death struggle against the Communist conspiracy he dares to risk the full exercise of western democratic practices. The fear that the enemy would try to pervert them for the ultimate destruction of the new state is much too real.

EXCEPT FOR the continuing stress on building up armed forces capable of meeting a Communist onrush from the north, Vietnam's emphasis has shifted from political to economic matters. Political independence requires a solid economic base, but the former colony's economic inheritance was no more solid than the political. Years of war, Japanese occupation, and nearly a decade of civil war had seen to that.

South Vietnam is an agricultural country practically devoid of mineral resources, dependent for its livelihood mainly upon exports of rice and rubber. But five years ago large sections of the countryside were a wasteland. A prewar exportable rice surplus of more than a million tons

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had practically disappeared. The indispensable irrigation and drainage canals and livestock had suffered massive destruction. So had the railroads, bridges, and river transportation facilities. Inflation was rampant. There was and still is an abysmal shortage of trained technicians and administrators.

Refugees Become Pioneers

How much has been accomplished? If the standard of judgment is one of smokestacks and eye-catching edifices, the answer is very little. But to a close observer of the country, the economic balance sheet shows much on the credit side.

Inflation has been checked and the currency stabilized. New highways and roads are being built, railways and bridges have been renovated. Although there are still hundreds of villages without schools, thousands of villages, through self-help or with American assistance, have acquired new schools or added new classrooms to the existing ones. Health facilities have been extended to a point where half of Vietnam's six thousand villages have first-aid stations and trained people to tend them. Eradication of malaria is now under way. An estimated million acres of abandoned land is back in cultivation, and a land-redistribution program is going forward.

The Cai San resettlement development is a dramatic demonstration of putting land back into cultivation and bringing political security where none existed. Within a matter of months, a weed-growing wilderness, formerly a hideout for bandits, was shaped into settled communities. With the simplest of tools, the refugee-settlers of Cai San have dug fifteen canals, miles long, and built their huts atop the embankments. American tractors have been put to work with Vietnamese ex-taxi drivers to run them.

The results speak well for the common sense of the Vietnamese and Americans alike. In the face of the thousands or refugees streaming down to Cai San, no one stopped to worry about "input-output ratios"; many a risk was taken, as it must be in any aid program, and it paid off. What was a promise three years ago is a reality now. There are upward of ten thousand families in Cai San. Instead of the two-acre holdings they left behind, they received, virtually as a gift, holdings averaging seven acres. They have harvested good crops and they pay their own way.

Other Cai Sans are being built on the southern plains, and at the initiative of President Ngo new settlements are being carved out of the highland wilderness north of Saigon, where most of the few inhabitants were nomadic tribesmen. Into this almost unknown forested mountain area, nearly fifty thousand people have moved from the overcrowded coastal strip. The opening of this wilderness is significant economically, but equally significant are the political and military considerations of peopling empty spaces by settlers who are implacably anti-Communist. For these sparsely populated valleys of the highlands have long provided the Communists with a safe route for infiltration southward. The violent reaction of the North Vietnam Communists to these resettlement projects provides its own commentary.

THE SLOGAN of "land to the landless," used so effectively by the Communists in their drive for power, has been a source of bitter disappointment and tragedy to many farmers of North Vietnam. Not so in South Vietnam. Beginning two years ago, a sizable portion of the large landlords' holdings is being redistributed among the landless tenants. The landlords are compensated at fair prices fixed by the government, while the tenants pay for the land in six annual installments at a rate they can meet. By now, approximately thirty-five per cent of the tenants have become landed proprietors. An earlier measure, which limited land rents to twenty-five per cent of the crops, or about half of the rentals formerly received by landlords, has made landlordism less attractive than it once was.

It is little wonder that the program is anathema to the Communists. Their own failure in North Vietnam, publicly acknowledged in late 1956 in the wake of peasant risings, gives added strength to the reform in South Vietnam.

Industrial development has not been neglected. Conditioned by a classical colonial economic system, Vietnam imported everything from soup to nuts. If the country is ever to achieve economic independence it must scale down its import bill, principally through industries for which Vietnam can provide the raw materials. Hence the agreements with French private interests to build a glass factory and with Americans to build a paper mill. A textile mill is being built by resident Chinese businessmen, and power, cement, and fertilizer plants and a number of light industries are now under consideration. When these are fully developed in the next few years, Vietnam's total import bill and its dependence upon foreign aid are bound to diminish greatly.

Difficulties and Hopes

As of now American aid in Vietnam, averaging a quarter of a billion dollars annually during 1954-1958 and reduced to $185 million this year, has fulfilled a uniquely positive role. The Vietnamese Army has been the principal beneficiary of late, as were the refugees in 1955 and 1956. But there are few economic and social institutions that have not felt the salutary effects of American assistance.

Nevertheless, only half of the task has been fulfilled. The fact is that economic independence, the test of all of the Vietnamese-American efforts, still lies in the distant future.

On the face of it, Vietnam's economic problems are not difficult to formulate and solve. It is among those fortunate countries whose resources, when developed, can amply satisfy the needs of its relatively small population. What stands between dependence and independence is roughly an annual increase in government foreign-exchange earnings of about $150 million. The yields of peasant and plantation agriculture can be sharply increased. The industrialization program can be realized. But to close the gap of $150 million it will be necessary to attract substantial capital investments over and above the current aid program. The government's offer of preferential treatment to foreign capital hasn't brought much of a response, partly because mineral resources are not available in Vietnam. For some time to come, out-

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right aid or loans from America must remain the principal source. The present volume, however, is sufficient only to maintain a minimum defense force of 150,000 (which claims the lion's share of the aid), the road-building program, and the continuation of social-welfare activities. Not much is left for long-range technological development.

The problem is not only lack of capital. The French in Vietnam, unlike the British in India, did not prepare the country for independence. Hence the number of Vietnamese technicians and administrators is incredibly small. The well-trained and dedicated few have performed outstandingly during the emergencies, but they now face new and complicated problems of sustained economic development.

It is much too early for the government and the businessman to learn to trust each other. As in so many other countries of Southeast Asia, the reputation of the average businessman is unsavory. The price of that reputation and suspicion is regulation and control. Compounding this is the fear that the Chinese and the French might regain their former monopolistic position in the country's economy.

THE DIFFICULTIES that impede more rapid progress are not solely of Vietnam's making. We are not without fault. The reference is not to money matters but to signs of great timidity and rigidity on the part of the International Cooperation Administration, and their constricting effects. Fear of Congress and the rising chorus of criticism of foreign aid have undoubtedly made their negative contributions. This may explain, at least in part, a number of disconcerting attitudes emanating from the aid administration in Washington. Some of these are: insistence on insurance and reinsurance against any possible mistake in field operations; reluctance to recognize the political nature of virtually all economic and social undertakings; the mistaken belief that all economic projects must be bankable; the exaltation of the "mechanics" of administration, in the place of the ultimate ends of American aid; insufficient authority delegated to leadership in the field. For these reasons, flexibility, quick decision, and imaginative response to rapidly changing conditions are all too rare. The pace of development is inhibited accordingly.

To note the faults of both partners is not to minimize their achievements in the past, or to underestimate their capacity to deal with the future. It has been demonstrated in Vietnam that massive aid administered boldly can succeed in turning the tide, ensuring a country's free existence and making it stronger economically, politically, and militarily. Now, after five years of consolidation, Vietnam is entering a crucial period of completing its political independence.

Vietnam's dilemma is how to keep its security force unimpaired while making decisive economic strides. This is also America's dilemma. In Vietnam's dangerously exposed position, the order of priorities must begin with military security, lest all else go by the board. Yet the second priority—a rise in national income, greater economic stability, and faster growth—must also be resolutely pursued. And the dilemma cannot be resolved by playing down one priority in favor of the other.

It is a difficult task for any underdeveloped ex-colonial country; it is doubly difficult for an underdeveloped and divided country. Yet thanks to a determined and energetic people, courageous leadership, and American aid, Vietnam has survived. We need not doubt the issue. But in the future as in the past, the United States must continue to shoulder a measure of responsibility until economic independence for South Vietnam becomes a reality.

Separate but Equal on the Veld

ANTHONY DELIUS

CAPE TOWN

AT NGOYA in the Union of South Africa, on the tops of great melon-shaped hills of Zululand, are rising the neat buildings of a university with which the Nationalist government hopes to confound world criticism of apartheid. Ngoya is one of three universities designed for black students to the exclusion of all other races. But more than that, like its sister institutions, it is intended for students from one group of tribes to the exclusion of all other tribes, and its academic foundations are to be laid in a particular tribal culture.

The squat, square gray buildings at Ngoya already emphasize this new tribal motif in learning. At first glance the hostels look like functional groupings of student rooms and white-tiled washrooms around an inner courtyard. But here and there are concrete screens of native African zigzags in the place of pillars. Even more arresting are the big circular structures that bulge out of the side of each building. They are officially described as *lapas* and resemble open concrete water-storage tanks lined with cement benches. In the middle of each is a fireplace. They are in fact circular barbecue pits with tribal decorations. Here in the flicker of firelight

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under the huge evening sky of Africa, the future Zulu student will mull over the day's addition to wisdom in a suggestively ethnic setting. He may even muse upon his strange surroundings, for the *lapa* is an invention of distant Ndebele tribesmen and quite unknown to the Zulus. The government was in such a hurry to get its new university project started that it simply transplanted to Zululand plans it had used to start the construction of the Sutu University five hundred miles away.

THIS HASTE to open the new tribal universities is dictated by the approach of 1960, which is going to be another *annus mirabilis* on the African continent. There will be a further sunburst of newly independent states (Nigeria included), and the total of "free" Africans will rise to a figure well over half the continent's 220 million inhabitants. Even South Africa will have to do something impressive to offset further unflattering comparisons between the status of the "liberated" Africans and the constitutional position of its own ten million black folk.

Dr. Hendrik Verwoerd, a prime minister whose parliament represents almost exclusively South Africa's three million whites, believes he has a way of meeting the situation. His solution is typically ingenious.

Dr. Verwoerd is a big fresh-faced man with iron-gray curls, a flair for political intrigue, and a restless imagination. He was also, at one stage of his career, a professor of sociology who came to see the ordering of human society as a fairly straightforward scientific problem.

Early in 1959 Dr. Verwoerd announced a "new vision" of South Africa's racial future. Everybody was going to get "independence." The country's three million whites were going to get independence in their part of South Africa, comprising eighty-seven per cent of the land surface. The ten million blacks were also to get their independence sometime after A.D. 2000 in their old homelands, or reserves, in the other thirteen per cent of the country's area.

Immediately after Dr. Verwoerd had announced this new vision, legislation was hurried through to realize it. First, the seven African seats (held by whites) in the central legislature were abolished. This symbolized the declaration of white independence from black and black independence from white. Next, a law was passed to prevent nonwhites from attending the two "open" universities of Cape Town and Johannesburg. Instead the nonwhites were to go to universities of their own.

English, Black English, and Dutch

There is, however, one practical difficulty. Of the nine universities in South Africa, only one caters to nonwhites exclusively. This is Fort Hare College in the southern part of the Xhosa-speaking peoples' reserve. But even this university, where instruction was carried on in English, had not enough ethnic purity to satisfy the government: its four hundred students were a mixture of Colored (mulatto), Asians, and native Africans representing various tribes.

The government philosophy demanded that, being where it was, Fort Hare must become a Xhosa-speaking university exclusively for Xhosa-speaking students. Colored students must depart to the projected Colored University in Cape Town, Asians to their projected university in Durban, and African students of other tribes to either the Sutu University or the Zulu University now being built.

Opponents of such extremes of academic segregation protested that these new tribal colleges would inevitably be inferior institutions, ill equipped, poorly staffed, low-spirited. Why not leave Fort Hare and the open universities—notably Cape Town and Johannesburg—free to take in nonwhite or other ethnic groups and thus provide an invigorating competition for the new institutions? The Nationalists could only see low liberal cunning in this suggestion. "If we leave the open universities open," said the government spokesmen, "the nonwhite students will never come to the new universities in sufficient numbers. Furthermore, Fort Hare as it stands means nothing to the culture of the Xhosa people; it is merely an English university for nonwhites."

The government was not moved by the pleas of educated Africans who said, "English is our road to world knowledge" and "Our own languages have no university vocabulary." Everybody remembered that when Verwoerd had first advocated separate universities he had objected to the mixing at the open universities because "They only turn the nonwhite students into Black Englishmen."

The Nationalists' declared intention is to convert the curricula in African universities into the appropriate African language once there are a sufficient number of lecturers and professors who can teach in those languages. There is little likelihood, however, that African students will be taught in any language but English or Afrikaans for some time to come. The aim of the government at the moment appears to be to have the teaching at the new universities carried out exclusively in Afrikaans—despite the fact that most textbooks, even in the Afrikaner universities, are in English.

TO SOME PEOPLE in South Africa the real political struggle seems to lie not between white and black but between the 1,800,000 Dutch-descended Afrikaners and the 1,200,000 citizens of British descent. The present Nationalist government keeps itself in power as much by building up Afrikaner solidarity against the British as by playing on the racial fears of the two white groups. Liberalism, with which goes a tendency toward academic race mixing, is represented as a hypocritical British trick to dominate the Afrikaner by using the blacks as cultural mercenaries.

It is true that English-speaking South Africa has always toyed with academic liberalism. The British may have been just as unanimous as the Afrikaners about schoolroom segregation, but they have regarded the educational stratosphere as a safe place to make gestures of interracial good will.

Thus Cape Town and Johannesburg Universities have observed no academic color bar. Occasional objections are voiced against black medical students cutting up white cadavers, and the Johannesburg dentistry school is not permitted to let black men drill the teeth of white men and women. Social mixing, if any, is surreptitious, and there is no

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shared sport. But the principle of the open lecture room has been maintained.

In the old eastern frontier headquarters of Grahamstown, haunted by the relics, memories, and statuary of nine Xhosa-settler wars, the segregated Rhodes University forged solid links with Fort Hare sixty miles away. In tropical Durban, capital of Natal, the most British province of South Africa, the local university has a separate medical school for nonwhites, the only one of its kind south of the Sahara.

All the British universities protested at the new complete academic segregation. Johannesburg students staged a procession and a one-day strike. Cape Town students with a smoking torch of liberty kept a round-the-clock vigil outside parliament for three weeks. This assumed heroic proportions as young men and women stood their watch through the worst rains known in decades. The protest still sputters on, with students refusing to ride to the university in city streetcars that segregate white and nonwhite students.

It is difficult to say, however, whether these marchings and drenchings signify any real change in the British concept of academic integration. The white students simply salute the principle that all men are equal before going out into a society where such ideas are not generally accepted.

Ein Reich, Viele Völker

There is no room in the Nationalist Afrikaner mind, with its strong Calvinist background, for such shilly-shallying compromise. To these folk white is white, black is black, and halfway between is halfway between. Thus the four Afrikaans universities, although they are strong on ethnic studies, have no truck with academic integration in any shape or form. This attitude, they claim, is both *konsekwent* and *eerlik*—logical and honest, two of the three favorite words of Afrikaner politicians.

The third word is *volks*. It has more the blood-relation warmth of "tribal" than the word "national" conveys. The Afrikaners regard themselves rather as two million cousins might do—and indeed any Afrikaner can trace a relationship

with practically any other Afrikaner he happens to meet. Tracking down the exact family connection takes the same place as discussing the weather does among the British, except that it is done with greater earnestness.

Thus to retain whiteness is a *volks* ideal; you support the Nationalists because they are a *volks* party; if sick you prefer to go to a *volks* hospital; if in search of higher learning you go to a *volks* university. This pursuit of family solidarity has brought the Afrikaner great benefits and even new riches. He cannot be convinced of any lasting objection to setting other peoples—the British, the Colored folk, the Zulus, the Xhosas, and rest—on the same happy road to ethnic fulfilment.

There is a certain genuineness about this, as well as ingenuity. The ideal of divide and rule is not wholly the guiding principle—although politically it is very convenient for the Nationalists. Afrikaners are persuaded that they are being as fair as they can possibly be in the historical situation of South Africa. They wish everybody what they wish themselves—to live in large but closed family circles and suffer no foreign interference. Only, for the time being, the Afrikaners must have absolute control of the process of forming the circles for everybody.

Like everybody else in Africa, they know that events are moving at tremendous speed. If the Nationalists are to show South Africa, the rest of Africa, and the world the benefits of their system, they have to hurry. They must wall British and Afrikaners off from contact with the Colored and African, and the African and Colored from one another, as rapidly as possible. Otherwise the last chance for segregation (and the white man) will be lost. Fort Hare must become an Xhosa university, a Zulu University must arise in Natal, a Sutu University in the bare Transvaal veld, a Colored University among the Colored housing schemes in Cape Town.

And all must be operating in 1960, independence D-Day in Africa, the golden jubilee of Union in South Africa. Although all the existing universities of the country have chronic staff shortages, at least three new university staffs must be recruited from them. At the moment only the heads of the projected institutions have been appointed, while the sounds of hasty hammering and concrete mixing break the silence of the outer veld. If the miracle can be achieved, staffs and students will tumble out together on to the raw new campuses in three or four months.

NEVER will so many universities have been built for so few students by so few people in so short a time. Nor will so few students (reckoned at a possible 120 per institution) be controlled by so many councils and senates. At the start each new university will be governed by a white council which will receive advice from a black council. The teaching staff will be split into a white senate and a black senate, until Africans are able to take over all posts. Beyond these bodies will be the watchful Bantu Education Department, ready to dismiss any lecturer or student who betrays a liberal sentiment or any kind of feeling against any kind of segregation.

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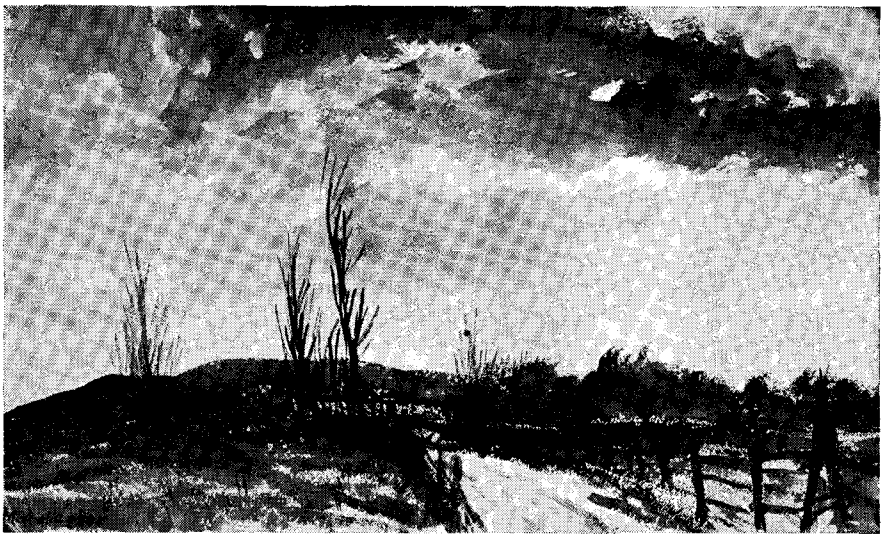

A Short Story

The King's Birthday

LOIS PHILLIPS HUDSON

All the Christmases of my childhood were deeply involved with the doings of the Eldredge Community Methodist Church in Eldredge, North Dakota, and all but one of them now, two decades later, are blended together in my memory. I cannot recall which year it was that I sang "Away in a Manger" all by myself, wringing the skirt of my new made-over dress in both hands so that I had it up around my thighs by the time my solo was over, or which year I was an angel and dripped hot wax from my candle on the wrist of a shepherd kneeling before me, or which year I was the Virgin Mary and had to have Wilbur Becker for a husband. But I remember the year I was the Christmas Elf because we did things so differently that time, under the direction of Miss Ellen Kretchmer of New York City. I haven't really thought about her in years, and I wonder if she, wherever she is, thinks about Eldredge as Christmas comes around.

She was the new primary-school teacher in 1934, the year that I was in the second grade, and on the first day of school, when we were telling each other about ourselves, she explained that she had left her father and mother far away in a place called Queens because all the little children in Queens had more teachers than they needed, but the little children out in Eldredge would not have had any teacher at all if she had not come out to us. By 1934, the depression was advanced enough so that most of us had moved at least once or twice in our families' search for survival, and we didn't wonder about Miss Kretchmer's coming from so far away. I myself had made two fifteen-hundred-mile moves in my seven years, although my classmates had mostly just moved from farm to farm, trying to find one that was less dusty than the rest.

I suppose Miss Kretchmer arrived in Eldredge the way any other stranger did—aboard the Northern Pacific passenger train, which hissed to a resentful pause once a month or so, discharged a passenger or two, and rushed off again into the hypnotic distance. There was little of Eldredge that she could not see from the depot platform. The most impressive part of the skyline, for those whose skylines must go up and down to be impressive, was Rex Beahr's grain elevator, which rose a hundred feet above the thousands of acres that fed it and looked out hungrily upon them like a god waiting for the autumn sacrifice.

The only building of consequence not visible from the depot was the Eldredge Community Church—the hub of Eldredge. But that deficiency was more than compensated for, since Miss Kretchmer went to live at my great-aunt's house, which was just across the road from the church. Every day Miss Kretchmer could look out of her bedroom window at the splintered wooden sidewalk in front of the church, the dying tree in the parched yard, the pointed yellow windows and scaling clapboards of the façade, and the squat steeple with its ragged shingles wilting in the sun.

Even after I had fallen in love with Miss Kretchmer, as we all did, it took me a while not to be nervous around somebody who smiled so much. The other grown-ups I knew didn't seem to have much reason to smile. She was very young but I didn't know that then. I knew only that she was as splendid as one would expect a person from a place called Queens to be. Her shoes were shiny and high-heeled, her skirts were many-tiered, and her coat had fur on the collar, but her most remarkable raiment was her own vitality. Her mouth and cheeks were red and her hair was thick and black. Compared to her, every other grown-up I knew seemed all the same color, like a wheat field.

The remarks I overheard about her scarcely registered in my mind; I had already accepted the fact that adults were almost certain to be disgruntled about anything that was important to children. There were people who said she ought to be got rid of right away for telling us stories about other parts of the world, mostly New York. But the major complaint was that she never went to church. That was especially galling to my great-aunt, who was proud of her strategic location and had never boarded a teacher before who had failed to take advantage of it. "She doesn't have an excuse

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in the world," my great-aunt would say. "Here she is, right across the street from it." Miss Kretchmer was definitely breaking a precedent by neglecting to put in at least a token attendance. The minister, being the best-educated man in town, was traditionally elected to be head of the school board, and the separation of church and state did not exist in Eldredge. Thus it was that Reverend Adams's wife came plowing across the street through a late October snowstorm to have coffee with my great-aunt one afternoon, and between them they decided that the best way to draw Miss Kretchmer into the church was to give her some responsibility so she would feel that she belonged.

The most natural thing to do was to put her in charge of the Primary Department's annual Christmas program, and by the time she got home from school the two ladies were so excited about it that they went out to greet her as she stood on the back porch brushing the snow from her overshoes. She had hardly finished setting the overshoes on a newspaper near the stove to dry, drawn off her leather mittens, and shaken the snowflakes from her coat before she was committed to the church. It was settled that she would practice with us in the basement of the church on Sunday mornings while the service went on upstairs. That way Miss Kretchmer would be seen at church and no child whose parents were *not* in church would get a chance to be in the Christmas program.

Miss Kretchmer sent off to New York for a Christmas play. As soon as it arrived we began learning the songs from it, sitting in the narrow circle of heat around the coal furnace and straining to hear her above the noise of the fire and the minister upstairs. She often had a cold and she would hit a hoarse note, clear her throat, find the note on a pitch pipe, and start over again. For any other Christmas program we had ever given we had just brushed up on songs we'd known all our lives, like "Silent Night," and then learned parts that were pretty much the same from year to year. But the songs in the play from New York were quite different, and they were so hard I used to practice all the way home from church. I would sing something like:

"North or South, Black or Yellow—
We all love the jolly fellow
Who sets all our hahts to sinGing
With the pretty gifts he's brinGing."

Then one of my grandmothers in the front seat of the car with my mother would stop talking and turn to me and say, "You're not saying your words right." "I'm saying them just like Miss Kretchmer told us," I would answer. "She says to be very careful to all sing it just the same way." But why were we singing about North and South and Black and Yellow anyway? Because, I explained, the name of the play was "Christmas Over All the Earth."

"Well, I swan," said my mother's mother. "Does that sound like a church program to you, Ida?"

"No, it don't," said my father's mother. "Somebody ought to just look in at what that girl's doing down there in that basement."

But nobody did look in on what was going on in the basement, because anybody who would have had any authority did not want to get involved with helping to put on the Christmas program.

Everybody realized too late that there was to be no second-grade Madonna cradling a heavily swaddled doll, no third-grade Joseph pleading with an innkeeper, no

nursery chorus of angels entangling themselves in each other's tinsel-edged wings, no shepherds wearing their older brothers' bathrobes and mumbling a poem in unison while a teacher in the front pew hissed at them to look at the star. We had learned all the songs, we had taken home patterns for costumes, and our mothers had already begun struggling with grass skirts and white bonnets like the one on the Old Dutch Cleanser can.

One could not fully appreciate the magnitude of Miss Kretchmer's error without knowing that only three important things happened in Eldredge every year and that they always happened a certain way. There were May Day, the Fourth of July, and Christmas Eve at the church. Important as the first two were, they were mightily overshadowed by the third. Everybody in town and all of the farmers for a considerable distance around came to this Christmas Eve service. There were even quite a few Russian Seventh-Day Adventists whose garlicky presence in our church and clamorous grabbing after the gifts were annoying proofs of their lack of pride. The Christmas program had been the same as far back as anybody could remember: The minister read the first seventeen verses of the second chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke, the congregation sang carols and watched the Sunday-school pupils perform a version of the Nativity, and then the minister appeared in a Santa Claus suit and passed out popcorn balls and red net stockings filled with peanuts and hard candy and an orange at the toe that was the only orange a number of us would see during the year.

Then Miss Kretchmer committed an additional sacrilege by importing Neva and Ivan Koslov—Russians and Seventh-Day Adventists—to be the little Spanish children. Miss Kretchmer explained to the members of the cast that we were short-handed, and besides, the Koslovs looked more Spanish than any of us. A stunned incredulity was the only thing that prevented some kind of explosion.

Two days before Christmas my mother left me in my great-aunt's kitchen while she bought groceries and (I tried not to hope too much) perhaps some other things I had brought to her attention. I thought that kitchen was about the most wonderful place on earth. It was almost as big as our whole house, with its many windows and its high ceilings and cupboards all the way up the walls.

Now all the rooms in the tall house were filled with the Christmas

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perfumes of fruit, candy, greens from Minnesota, and pink gummy syrup boiling in the kitchen. As the Ladies' Aid members arrived they were put to work making popcorn balls and wrapping them in waxed paper or scooping peanuts out of a rustling gunny sack and dropping them into the mesh stockings with the oranges in the toes. I was so bemused by the rare gaiety in the room that I kept forgetting it was my job to answer the door.

Mrs. Jennings was irked at having to knock three times, and she swept past me in massive impatience. She glared up the stairs and called over her shoulder into the kitchen, "Is that girl here now?"

"No," my aunt shouted back over the din. "She's over practicing all her *dancers* today, with the piano."

"Well," said Mrs. Jennings, stamping into the kitchen and fixing my great-aunt with a furious eye, "did I ever tell you, Elsie, that Mae ain't even going to have *a word* to speak this year? Not one word! Last year she said a four-line pome and she was only five. This year that teacher told her she thought Mae would make a good Dutch girl for a pantomime, and all Mae is going to do is clump around the stage in some wooden shoes this girl dug up somewhere and 'set them out for St. Nick.' And so I'm supposed to learn her to look shy and hopeful instead of learning her a pome. What kind of a program is this when half the kids don't say a piece by themselves? Last year *all* the kids five and over said *something!*"

Before anybody could act sympathetically indignant, Mrs. Halstad burst out: "Well, you know what *I* have to do—*I* have to paint Carl's face yellow with some stuff that girl give me so he'll look like a Chinaman. What do you think of *that?* Painting a boy's face all up on Christmas Eve. I thought it was going to be Carl's turn to be Joseph this year. I tell you, I'm just so mad about it I just don't care whether he's in the program or not." She jerked back to the stove and yanked the long spoon through the bubbling syrup while the steam collected in big drops on the bristles above her lip.

On Christmas Eve I held the box with my costume in it on my knees as we drove into town, so I could bend down and listen to the bells jingling through the green and red folds. I sneaked into the Sunday-school side of the church, which was reserved for the participants. The girls were changing their clothes behind one of the screens we used for separating the Sunday-school classes, and the boys were behind the other. The boys kept running past the girls' screen and snatching off the dresses and petticoats draped over the top of it. The girls kept screaming and Miss Kretchmer kept shouting, "Boys! Boys!" She was perspiring so much that some pimples showed through the red of her cheeks. None of the grown-ups had come to help, and Miss Kretchmer was trying to do all the dressing and the lining up by herself.

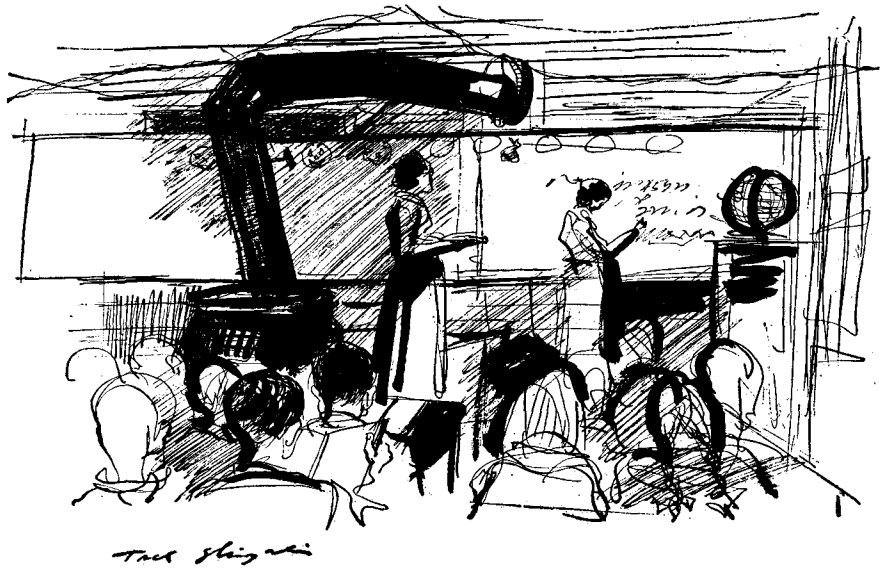
An overflow crowd was jamming the vestibule and Reverend Adams stalked through the chaos, sweating in his dour black suit and hauling his watch out of his vest pocket every two minutes. Miss Kretchmer looked up frantically from a rip she was pinning in Neva Koslov's skirt and motioned me to go on. I ran out to the rail of the chancel, stopped and saluted the audience with my cap the way Miss Kretchmer had shown me, and launched the evening with a brisk monotone recitative that went something like this:

"I'm the jolly Christmas Elf,
I'll bring to you much mirth.
When I wave my wand you'll see
Christmas over all the earth."

Then I pulled the curtain—three sheets basted together and hung from a pole supported at either side of the chancel by a hatrack—so the audience could see Christmas in Norway. Back and forth I went with the curtain and my frenetic verses, while Christmas lumbered over the earth.

As nervous and young as I was, though, I could not escape the awful knowledge that would have been apprehended by any performer of any status and any age—the audience was lost and had been lost since the performance began. For this one night the folk of Eldredge wished to live in that unbounded empire of belief where everybody understood the same miracles and nobody concerned himself with the idiosyncrasies of countries and colors but only with the Birthday of the King. They wanted to see again the same gentle mystery, peopled by the same shepherds and angels and kings, accoutered with the same settings of mangers and tinfoil stars, and animated by their own thin little imperfect children, sober-faced over their great responsibilities. And because we were not communicating to them anything they were prepared to receive, they had nothing to share with each other, so they sat crowded against one another in the same sad isolation that ruled the rest of their scattered lives.

They sat that way, that is, until the entrance of Neva and Ivan Koslov caused them to stiffen together in unanimous disapproval. The Spanish dance scarcely got under way before it became obvious that Miss



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Kretchmer's rushed repair job had not remedied whatever it was that ailed Neva's skirt; it circled painfully lower and lower on her hips and then swirled down to a gaily colored rumple around her ankles. Ivan looked at his sister standing in a woeful petticoat in front of a churchful of people and vanished from the stage. Neva was too disorganized to do anything at all. For a very long time there was no sound in the church.

THEN SUDDENLY laughter blew into the hall like a fresh wind, tentative at first, and then abandoned and compulsive. This was the first credible thing that had happened all evening. There stood a "Roosian" kid in dirty underwear, just like the other little Russians they saw running about half clothed in dusty farmyards milling with squawking chickens and starving dogs. They laughed in vast relief from the strain of trying to believe in anything so far removed as the wet lushness of an African jungle or the yodeling ebullience of an Alpine village, and even though Miss Kretchmer sent in Mae Jennings and I heard her wooden shoes thundering in behind me, they kept right on laughing, and after I saw that it was all right I laughed as hard as anybody else. Only when all of us had laughed away all of our disappointment did the sound release us to gasp sheepishly and wipe our eyes.

The laughter had united us all in righteous camaraderie. We even forgot our grudge against the Seventh-Day Adventists for coming to our church and getting in on the Christmas treats that had been made two days before in my great-aunt's kitchen.

Miss Kretchmer must have left shortly after Reverend Adams came out in his Santa Claus suit shaking some sleigh bells and yelling "Ha, ha, ha" as he passed out the presents. At any rate, I didn't notice her in the vestibule as we surged through it, calling out one last exchange of holiday greetings before we passed into the bitter night, where we paused, shivering, to point out to each other the Star of the King of Love—hanging over Eldredge just the way it had once hung over that other little town in Israel.

Papa Haydn Goes to London

FRED GRUNFELD

ALTHOUGH Franz Josef Haydn is in no danger of losing his place on Parnassus as Father of the Symphony or whatever, his music usually winds up on the short end of the baton. Leading conductors, if they bother with his works at all, address themselves only to the last dozen symphonies, products of Haydn's late fifties and early sixties. Most well-known concert pianists never touch his keyboard music; the two Haydn concertos that are performed and recorded with any regularity call for cello and trumpet soloists. The Haydn Society, founded a decade ago with the laudable objective of reviving and recording the unknown Haydn, has petered out in bankruptcy after producing some memorable discs. The printed editions of Haydn's works, even of the familiar symphonies, contain incredible errors and omissions; indeed, some of the scores that have long borne Haydn's name actually belong to other composers—as in the case of the celebrated "Toy Symphony," which was apparently written by Leopold Mozart, Wolfgang's father. Haydn's modern biographers have further compounded the confusion with wishful thinking and quaint little fables retreaded from the nineteenth-century romances.

It seems to me that the Haydn situation has stood in need of a scholarly housecleaning for some time. Fortunately, H. C. Robbins Landon, a young American who settled in Vienna after graduating from Boston University in 1947 and now pursues his researches on Haydn's home grounds, has set to work sweeping out the cobwebs.

For his first production, a weighty tome of more than eight hundred pages entitled *The Symphonies of Joseph Haydn* (Macmillan, 1956, $20), Landon tracked down early manuscripts in libraries and monasteries in order to solve many of the orchestral mysteries. In the process of untangling the spurious from the authentic, however, he put together a nearly indigestible book, fit to be consulted rather than read.

In his new work, *The Collected Correspondence and London Notebooks of Joseph Haydn* (Essential Books, $15), he includes scrupulous English translations of all the extant Haydn letters—the first time this material has appeared between two covers in any language. The majority of Haydn's letters have vanished, and those which remain say a good deal about his later years of fame and very little about the early decades of struggle and development. If his own wife, the shrewish Anna Marie, used his musical manuscripts as curlpapers and in pie dishes, we could hardly expect strangers to be more careful. Only the fragments of a biography remain, and Landon does not care to pull them together; like a fastidious curator who has unearthed a shattered Houdon bust, he defers reconstruction for the time being and instead exhibits all the pieces, neatly labeled, in a glass case.

THE PORTRAIT that emerges differs in only a few details from the traditional picture of genial Papa Haydn, a man who makes us smile where Mozart might make us weep. He belonged lock, stock, and peruke to the Austrian rococo, an elegant period but basically so robust that Haydn's peasant ways were never at odds with its spirit. France, in these decades, gradually reached the boiling point of revolution. In Austria the old *Schlamperei* warded off the day of social reckoning, and henceforth the nation could bestir itself only on such vital issues as whether the waltz should be allowed to make the transition from boudoir to ballroom.

Recent writers seem disposed to pity Haydn for his years as faithful retainer to the haughty Esterhazy princes: no great composer should be obliged to play for his supper and then eat it at the servants' table. Such servitude seems incompatible with modern notions of artistic dignity. In Haydn's own eyes, however, there was no cause for resentment. He considered himself a self-made man, having begun his career in an un-

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heated garret and worked his way up to the rank of "honorable official of a princely household." In one of his letters he complained that "it is sad always to be a slave," but it was the pressure of work that held him in bondage, not the demands of the whimsical Esterhazys. He counted his patrons' "encouragement and constant approval" as one of life's blessings. "I was in a position to be as bold as I pleased," he explained after his retirement from the active establishment. "There was no one to confuse or torment me, and I was forced to become original."

When Haydn joined the Esterhazy ménage in 1761 at twenty-nine, his contract stipulated among other things that he had to appear in the prescribed livery and wig, and to inquire daily "whether His Highness shall be pleased to order a performance of the orchestra." Although he served under three successors to the original Highness and became one of the chief artistic ornaments of their Hungarian Versailles, Schloss Esterhaz, they persisted in treating him as one of the help, or as one of the princes arrogantly put it, "Music Individuals." Even in his old age, when he had received an honorary doctorate from Oxford and the keys to the city of Vienna, Haydn had to petition his employers for small increases in his pension. No matter: "I have associated with emperors, kings and many great lords, and they have told me many flattering things. But I wouldn't want to become familiar with such people; I prefer to associate with people of my own class."

MY FAVORITE Haydn letter, dated February 9, 1790, concerns the culinary privations of life at the formidable country palace. "The good Viennese food I had in me disappeared on the journey," he writes to his friend Frau von Genzinger. "Alas! alas! I thought to myself as I was eating in the mess here, instead of that delicious slice of beef, a chunk of cow fifty years old; instead of a ragout with little dumplings, an old sheep with carrots; instead of a Bohemian pheasant, a leathery joint; instead of those fine and delicate oranges, a *Dschahl* or so-called *Sallat;* instead of pastry, dry apple-fritters and hazelnuts—and that's what I have to eat. Alas! alas! I thought to myself, if I could only have a little bit of what I couldn't eat up in Vienna.—Here in Esterhaz no one asks me: Would you like some chocolate, with milk or without; Will you take some coffee, black, or with cream? What may I offer you, my dear Haydn? Would you like a vanilla or a pineapple ice?"

Just a few months later, following the death of Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, *Kapellmeister* Haydn suddenly found himself pensioned off at full pay, and free to come and go as he pleased. At fifty-eight he had reached a momentous turning point in his life. Rather than grow fat among the little dumplings in Vienna, he elected to see something of the world. His young friend Wolfgang Mozart, who had taken in all the sights as a child prodigy, wept when he heard the news that Haydn had signed a contract to appear in England. History records the following dialogue:

"Do not go, Papa! You are not suited to the great world, and you speak so few languages."

"But the language I speak is understood the world over!"

Not the least of Foxy Papa's reasons for leaving home—or so I gather from Landon's evidence—was his desperate need to escape not only his tiresome wife but also his increasingly importunate mistress, Signora Polzelli. A year of separation helped to cool off a rather ticklish relationship, and ultimately Signora Polzelli had to content herself with no more than a legal option on Haydn: "I, the undersigned, promise to Signora Loisa Polzelli (in case I should consider marrying again) to take no other wife than said Loisa Polzelli . . ." Thank heaven such promissory notes have gone out of style nowadays!

Safe in London, Haydn basked comfortably in the sunshine of his fame. "Everyone wants to know me. I had to dine out six times up to now, and if I wanted, I could dine out every day; but I must first consider my health, and second my work. Except for the nobility, I admit no callers till 2 o'clock in the afternoon." For Johann Peter Salomon, the concert promoter who had guaranteed the tour, Haydn composed the twelve symphonies which constitute the climax and capstone of his career—and which are virtually all we ever hear of his enormous output.

SINCE recommendations are in order, I suggest the fine Beecham set of Symphonies Nos. 93-98 (Capitol); the new Münchinger Vienna Philharmonic edition of the "Miracle" and the "London" (London), Josef Krips's reading of the "Surprise" and No. 99 (London), and Mogens Wöldike's beautifully recorded "Military" and "Clock" Symphonies (Vanguard). For the "Drum Roll," I refer you to Eugen Jochum, on Decca, who also includes the Symphony No. 91 in E Flat.

The four London notebooks, which have never appeared in one book before, supply a vivid if somewhat haphazard backdrop for the twelve mighty "Salomon" Symphonies. Haydn had the highest regard for the English, and the journals record his wide-mouthed admiration for such things as the four thousand carts used to clean the streets of London, the size of the British national debt, the income of an English dentist, the number of cannon on a man-of-war, the speed of public mail coaches, and the number of account books used annually by the Bank of England. He noted approvingly: "In France the girls are virtuous and the wives are strumpets; in Holland the girls are strumpets and the wives virtuous; in England they stay proper all their lives."

The Landon collection also includes all the letters that Haydn received from the Widow Schroeter, a proper lady of sixty whom the composer found "still lovely and amiable; I should certainly have married her if I had been single." She dispelled the fogs of London and warmed his tired musical bones in the dreary spring of 1792. "I feel for *you* the *fondest and tenderest affection* the *human heart* is capable of," she wrote him. And again, "Accept ten thousand thanks for the great pleasure *I always* receive from your *incomparable music.*" I share those sentiments, and I am also deeply indebted to H. C. Robbins Landon for laboring so assiduously to increase the pleasure *I always* receive from that *incomparable music.*

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'Why Forget Who We Are?'

NAT HENTOFF

"I CAME IN HERE because when I asked my high-school teacher why we didn't study Negro history, she said there wasn't any." The teenaged Negro, whom I met a few weeks ago in a branch of the New York Public Library at 135th Street and Lenox Avenue, had been drawn there, along with scholars and researchers from many parts of the country, to find a refutation of his teacher's statement in the Schomburg Collection—the fullest generally available assemblage of Negro literature and history in the United States.

Arthur Alfonso Schomburg, a Puerto Rican of partly Negro descent, was born in San Juan in 1874. He was educated there and at St. Thomas College in the Virgin Islands, where he studied Negro literature. Schomburg taught elementary school in Puerto Rico and came to America in 1891. Here he read law, taught Spanish, became a messenger for a bank, and for twenty-one years was head of the mailing division of the Bankers Trust Company's Latin-American department.

For years Schomburg spent his vacations traveling by freighter to France, Spain, and North Africa, where he collected all he could to prove his belief that "the American Negro must remake his past in order to make his future. When we consider the facts, certain chapters of African history will have to be reopened." Last year a window display in a Harlem savings bank was based on a map showing the places throughout the world from which Schomburg had brought books to Harlem. The neighborhood Puerto Ricans, often caught in crossfires of prejudice, took a somewhat sardonic pleasure in the discovery that one of their own had so enriched Harlem.

Several Schomburg findings were rare. There are manuscript poems of Phillis Wheatley, an eighteenth-century Boston domestic who had been a slave and who was one of the first Negro poets in this country; sermons of Lemuel Haynes, a Negro who served as pastor of a white church in Rutland, Vermont, for thirty years after the Revolution; and a rare book of the Latin verse of Juan Latino. Latino, an African Negro, was considered the best Latinist in sixteenth-century Spain and held the chair of poetry at the University of Granada.

Schomburg enjoyed re-emphasizing the fact that Latino was a Negro, a point seldom made in references to the poet in recent centuries. Schomburg also welcomed the discovery that the first Bishop of Panama was a Negro and had founded the University of Panama, one of the first in the New World.

While working in the bank and collecting, Schomburg, among other literary activities, wrote for the Negro press, including sharply corrective letters to the editor; helped found the Negro Society for Historical Research; and for five years was secretary of Las Dos Antillas, a Cuban revolutionary party. Collecting, however, was his major passion, and eventually he amassed some six thousand volumes, three thousand manuscripts, and a couple of thousand etchings and portraits.

BY THE 1920's, meanwhile, American Negroes had become increasingly interested in their past and Harlem was the center of the "Negro Renaissance." From Greenwich Village, New York Negroes had moved to the Hell's Kitchen area in the west fifties and then to Harlem. The 135th Street branch of the Public Library was established in 1905 when the neighborhood was mainly Jewish. The section was half Negro by 1920, and by 1924, what books on Negro history the library had couldn't be kept on the shelves because of the intense demand.

Ernestine Rose, the librarian, called together a group of influential scholars and community leaders—James Weldon Johnson and Arthur Schomburg among them—and helped start a collection of books on and by the Negro. The next year the Carnegie Corporation of New York was persuaded to buy Schomburg's collection for the token payment of $10,000, and it was housed in the 135th Street branch.

Schomburg, after retiring from the bank, became curator of the Negro collection of the Fisk University Library, and from 1932 until his death in 1938 he was curator of the collection at 135th Street, watching his acquisitions increase. Designated the Schomburg Collection after his death, the material has grown to more than 32,000 volumes, slightly less than half dealing with African history. The library also concentrates on the Negro in America, Latin America with special reference to the Caribbean, and twentieth-century Africa.

Characteristic titles in the periodical rack include the *West African Review;* the South African *Zonk!* ("the non-political magazine for the whole family"); and the *Journal of Negro History*. A number of the leading Negro newspapers, including several from West Africa, are received regularly, and the microfilm files go back to 1827 and the first Negro paper in America, the *Freedom Journal* of New York. There are manuscripts, letters, Linguaphone records and grammars of African trade languages, and a collection of African masks and fetishes.

For the past ten years, the curator of the Schomburg Collection has been Mrs. Jean Blackwell Hutson. Her staff of nine includes three who are part-time. With no further support from outside sources, the Schomburg Collection can't fulfill all the requests made of it. There is no money, for example, for a published catalogue, which would be of considerable help to students and scholars throughout the world. All Mrs. Hutson can do now in what time she has is to compile bibliographies on specific subjects in answer to constant requests by mail from many countries. Added staff is needed as well as funds to get the collection of African newspapers on microfilm. Some, tied and stored, have already deteriorated, and those lost include some of the earliest issue of African newspapers that can't be duplicated even in Africa.

The Schomburg Collection is also an occasional site of faculty workshops from local schools involving teachers interested in discovering

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more about the Negro past. "Of course," says Mrs. Hutson, "it isn't only a matter of the local school systems showing interest and realizing the inadequacy of the texts. The textbooks do need changing, but they're published in national editions and the publishers claim they can't afford to antagonize sections of the country."

THE COLLECTION ITSELF has run into an odd form of reverse segregation. A few months ago, the Boston Public Library and the Newport Jazz Festival collaborated on a display of jazz materials. The Schomburg Collection asked to borrow the Negro section of the jazz exhibit, but was turned down by a Festival official. "He said," a still astonished library worker says with a wry grin, "that they didn't want their material shown in a segregated collection. It's part of a strange approach to 'integrating' the Negro into this society. If they keep on dropping the word 'Negro,' for example, in time it'll become a dirty word. They haven't done away with the Irish Historical Society. Why should we forget who we are? Negro history isn't only for Negroes. Nor, certainly, is this library." «»

MOVIES

Afterthoughts

JAY JACOBS

THE FILM *Happy Anniversary* received about a million dollars' worth of advance notoriety when the self-appointed guardians of public sensibilities decided it would have a deleterious effect indeed on the state of our souls if exhibited in its original form. In return for this windfall of free advertising, it's not surprising if the picture's producers were willing, even eager, to compromise their almost nonexistent artistic standards by hastily introducing a short soliloquy into the text (at a fortuitous but most inappropriate juncture) that ostensibly satisfies the censors that black has miraculously been converted to white. As might be expected, the finished work is an innocuous, if utterly tasteless, piece of trash that might easily have gone unnoticed had the Production Code people kept their blue noses out of the affair.

The story, a puerile farce based by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov on their stage play *Anniversary Waltz,* incurred the displeasure of the protectors of morality because its protagonists, after thirteen years of respectable cohabitation, were able to wax nostalgic over a year of unlicensed housekeeping without noticeably suffering pangs of remorse. My own opinion, after watching David Niven and Mitzi Gaynor behaving hysterically for an hour and a half, is that thirteen winters of their sort of coexistence is punishment far in excess of *any* sins they may have committed, and that, when you come right down to it, their only real sins were marrying in the first—or, rather, second—place, and then compounding the felony by twice reproducing their obnoxious kind.

There is nothing in the picture to indicate that even at this advanced stage of their relationship, Mr. Niven's attitude toward his helpmeet is substantially different from what it was the first time he lured her to a Greenwich Village hotel room; and the tangible results of his unabating lechery are a pair of little brats who prattle knowingly about premarital relations, alimony, and the degrees of their old man's drunkenness. (The behavior of his children notwithstanding, it's inconceivable to Mr. Niven—and, one gathers, to the authors—that he is anything but a model husband and parent. In fact, it is one of the film's many peculiarities that although he conducts himself atrociously throughout, we are obviously meant to see Mr. Niven as a sympathetic and rather commendable character. "All you popcorn eaters out there know good old David Niven," we are told, in effect, by the insultingly presumptuous writers. "He was a nice guy in his last picture, and you've read enough about him in the fan magazines so that we don't have to show you what a good egg he is.")

Trouble sets in when our ideal hubby, suffering from an overdose of commemorative champagne, winds up the thirteenth-anniversary supper by informing his bemused in-laws that he and their daughter were wont to share a counterpane before becoming manic and wife. This is about as far as the plot of this flummery advances, and from here on in we are treated to a prolonged snarling bout between Mr. Niven (who varies his attack by kicking apart two television sets and a bedroom door) and Miss Gaynor (the spit of the last half dozen Miss Rheingolds), who copes with all this violence as Lysistrata did twenty-three centuries before her.

Interspersed in—and considerably augmenting—the general uproar are a liberal spattering of the milder four-letter expletives (this may be "the first picture filmed in Sinascope," but actors haven't yet, apparently, learned to say "hell" or "damn" without looking as though they expected to be struck down by a bolt from above); a demonstration of the unique features of the Exquisite Form brassiere (an irrelevant reference to a brassiere in any motion picture these days is your guarantee that you are watching witty, sophisticated, "adult" entertainment); and enough singing commercials and other plugs for well-known products to make *Happy Anniversary* eligible for an award of some sort from the Brand Names Foundation.

DURING one of the rare lulls between Mr. Niven's tirades an opportunity was found to splice in the lines demanded by the censors. Our hero, having been denied access to his lady's bedchamber, sits disconsolately on a staircase. While his facial expression clearly indicates that he is brooding on quite another matter, we hear the ventriloquized Voice of Conscience intoning: "I was wrong. I never should have taken Alice to that hotel room be-

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tore we were married. What could I have been thinking of?" If the worldly Mr. Niven really wants the answer to that one, a stamped, self-addressed envelope sent to me c/o this magazine will bring it to him by return mail. All this confusion comes to a resolution of sorts when, as you have doubtless guessed, Miss Gaynor discovers that there's no point in seeing to it that chastity begins at home when—as a result of a quick second honeymoon in that Village hotel—a third little wise-acre is on the way.

Miss Gaynor's reaction to this discovery, like her reactions to everything else in *Happy Anniversary,* is somewhat hysterical. All things considered, however, she faces up to her condition with a good deal more equanimity than she might have mustered had she seen *Brink of Life.* In this cheery little number, Ingmar Bergman and his scenarist (the Swedish novelist Ulla Isaksson) trace the tribulations undergone by a trio of parturient young women, none of whom, what with one thing and another, can be said to be having an easy time of it. As the story, which is set in the maternity ward of a large hospital, unfolds, the first of our expectant mothers miscarries and, being of a rather speculative turn of mind, begins analyzing the hell out of herself, her marriage, and life in general, while still in a comatose state. The prognosis she arrives at is pessimistic in the extreme. Our second parent-to-be, a strapping, loving, exuberant wench, the prototypal childbearer, is senselessly deprived of her *raison d'être* when *her* infant is, for no apparent reason, stillborn. The third young woman's baby, I'm somewhat relieved to be able to report, is still in there kicking, so to speak, as the picture ends, but *its* future—if there is to be one—looks bleak enough, since its mother, an unwed provincial adolescent, is not at all sure she wants the child. Her decision, in the closing scene, to bear the baby in spite of her fears and revulsion is the nearest thing to a note of hope in the film. It dispels the general aura of melancholy about as effectively as a snake plant in a mortuary window.

Being a non-Scandinavian myself, I can't readily subscribe to the concept of gloom for gloom's sake, and therefore can see little point to this exercise—except as a vehicle that provides Mr. Bergman (who heretofore has tended to get all snarled up in his own allegorical webs) with a fine opportunity to prove he is capable of spinning out a lean, straightforward, and thoroughly realistic film. It also provides four superb actresses, Eva Dahlbeck, Ingrid Thulin, BiBi Andersson, and the intriguingly named Barbro Hiort af Ornas (all of whom, I understand, won richly deserved awards at last last year's Cannes Film Festival) with an hour and a half in which to display their varied talents. Miss Dahlbeck's performance is one of the really memorable *tours de force* I've seen on film, and her brutally convincing scenes in a labor room will come as a shock to most American males. Her portrayal of a woman in the terminal stages of pregnancy is the most shatteringly authentic interpretation of physical suffering I've encountered since watching Sir Laurence Olivier being butchered *au style trompe-l'oeil* on Bosworth Field.

The subject of racial prejudice rears its unattractive head a bit more gracefully in *Sapphire,* a superior whodunit from England, than it did in *Odds Against Tomorrow,* an American melodrama on which I reported a couple of issues back. In the latter, some laudable if not very original observations on the invidiousness of Jim Crow attitudes were introduced so clumsily that they had all the dramatic validity that a statement of principles by the N.A.A.C.P. would have in the middle of the first act of *Othello.* In *Sapphire,* however, racial disharmony is the armature over which a solid thriller is molded, rather than a "topical" afterthought stuck onto a standard murder story. As a result, the film is a thoroughly engrossing and highly plausible entertainment—and an unusually trenchant examination of the psychology of bigotry. To summarize the plot (an original screenplay by Janet Green) here would be to spoil a first-rate story. I can say, though, that this isn't the usual sermon on racism designed to leave the complacent liberal nodding smugly in his righteousness.

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BOOKS

Big Brotherhood

GEORGE STEINER

WE, by Eugene Zamiatin, translated by Gregory Zilboorg. *Dutton. $1.45.*

The name of Evgeni Ivanovich Zamiatin (1884-1937) appears occasionally in accounts of early Soviet literature and with reference to George Orwell. It is evident that Orwell's *1984* owes much of its general design and numerous specific details to Zamiatin's *We,* a novel translated into English in 1924. But Zamiatin was more than the author of that one strange and bitter work. He is perhaps the only important Russian writer who witnessed the tragedy of life under czarism, who joined in the forces of revolution, and who nearly at once saw the tragic direction in which Bolshevism was headed.

His earliest book remains, from a literary point of view, his finest. Published in 1911, *Provincial Life* is one of those classic accounts of the great boredom of Russian life under autocracy. It is founded on Zamiatin's own experiences in the town of Lebedian in Central Russia. The precise craftsmanship of Zamiatin's narrative is indebted to Gogol and Leskov. His next piece of fiction, *At the End of the World,* is also in the classic Russian tradition. Like Goncharov and Chekhov before him, Zamiatin was drawn to the theme of the monotonous inhumanity of garrison life in the remote outposts of the decaying czarist empire. The authorities sought to prosecute the author for anti-militarism, but the coming of war removed Zamiatin from the scene of radical protest. By profession a naval engineer, he went to England to help in the construction of icebreakers for the Russian Navy. His stay provided him with material for two rather savage satiric tales of English life. For what he found among *The Islanders* was precisely that provinciality of soul and that hypocrisy of manner which had repelled him in Lebedian.

Zamiatin's radical, anti-western inclinations and the excellence of his style assured him of Gorky's support in the first years of Bolshevik power. During the period 1920-1922, Zamiatin acted as a kind of master craftsman to the guild of young Soviet writers gathered in the "Serapion Circle" in Petrograd. But as early as 1921, in an essay entitled "I Fear," Zamiatin cast a cold eye on the realities of Communist rule and hinted at the coming of the new terror. Writing about H. G. Wells in 1922, Zamiatin declared: "An artist is always a heretic." That is the essence of his own view of art and the state. He carried on in the Soviet Union as long as possible, writing plays and scenarios, among them a brilliant adaptation of Leskov's *The Flea.* But with the publication abroad of his suppressed novel *We,* Zamiatin's position became untenable. In 1931, he wrote Stalin asking for permission to leave Russia. The letter was itself a superb provocation:

"I know that I have the very uncomfortable habit of saying not what is advantageous at a given moment but whatever I believe to be the truth. I never concealed what I think of literary servility, toadyism and coat changing. I have always thought and I continue to think that such things are as degrading for the writer as they are to the revolution."

Astonishingly enough, and no doubt on Gorky's intervention, Zamiatin and his wife were given the necessary passport. The novelist passed through Germany and Czechoslovakia and finally settled in Paris. There he lived shunned equally by Russian *émigrés* and by western pro-Communists. Though he attempted various projects, Zamiatin found it impossible to carry on his art on alien ground. He died nearly unknown in March, 1937.

Probably *We* was written in 1920-1921. Censorship did not allow publication, but parts of the book circulated in manuscript and Zamiatin gave semi-public readings from it. Gregory Zilboorg's translation into English appeared in 1924 and a Czech version three years later. The first Russian text, allegedly retranslated from the Czech, was printed by Marc Slonim in the *émigré* monthly *Volia Rossii.* It drew down on Zamiatin the full anger of official Soviet criticism.

We is a queer, desperate kind of book, obviously written at fever pitch. It is half political satire, half science fiction. It is set down in the manner of a diary, a literary device that has the disadvantage of solving for a writer too many of the problems of imaginative form. But Zamiatin chose it because a diary gives to a narrative of events a special jagged intensity. And it is on this intensity that Zamiatin relies. We must grant at the outset the fantastic presuppositions of his story. It is easier to do so when they are urged upon us by the strident, intimate voice of a journal.

THE SETTING is the "United State" in the twenty-sixth century. Human beings have renounced the random anarchy of personal names. They are designated by a letter and a number; men by consonants, women by vowels. They live in a glass-domed metropolis whose streets and buildings are laid out along rigidly straight lines. Their every action is observed on television screens, their every word recorded by listening devices. Each hour of life is consecrated to a predetermined and totally controlled pursuit. Numbers may have sexual intercourse with other specifically designated Numbers and at that time they are allowed to draw a curtain across their glass cells. But the frequency of such occasions is subject to strict central control. This control is exercised by ubiquitous Guardians in the name of the omnipotent Well-Doer. Beyond the Green Wall surrounding the United State lies a primitive pastoral world in which survive vestiges of an earlier humanity, but no one has stepped beyond the gates since the Two Hundred Years' War. Now, however, the Numbers are building a giant rocket, the Integral, which will cross planetary space to other worlds, converting their inhabitants

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from "the savage state of freedom" to "the beneficial yoke of reason." The Integral is more than a prophetic vision of Sputniks by a writer who was both a naval engineer and an admirer of Wells. It is, to Zamiatin, a symbol of Soviet Russia. Already in 1920 he wrote: "We were all cooped up in the dark in a steel projectile whistling through space no one knew where."

We is the diary of D-503, one of the principal designers of the Integral. It tells how he falls in love with I-330, a strangely beautiful girl who possesses illicit knowledge of what life had been, and presumably could be again, beyond the Green Wall. The fable reaches its climax in an attempt by I-330 and a subversive group to seize the Integral during a test flight. The rebels are defeated and D-503 is implicated in their ruin. But he can be saved. New techniques of surgery have been invented to extirpate the soul. In the closing scene, the narrator is seated next to Him, the Well-Doer, and watches I-330 being tortured under the Gas Bell. She and her followers will perish swiftly. "For Reason must prevail."

To readers of *1984*, this is familiar country. Orwell took over from Zamiatin many of his principal motifs. The Well-Doer becomes Big Brother and the Guardians become the agents of the Ministry of Love, but the shapes of drabness and terror are the same in both parables, and in both the notion of revolt is associated with a return to the mutinous privacy of sexual love. Orwell also took telling details from *We*. The land beyond the Wall is Winston Smith's Golden Country; the uniforms and badges that standardize humanity in 2600 are already worn in 1984; even the modes of torture are nearly identical. But the fact is that Orwell's variation is subtler and more persuasive than Zamiatin's original theme. *1984* is distinctly the finer of the two works.

WHY SHOULD this be? The reason lies, I think, in the simple fact that Zamiatin's vision of total inhumanity is set in a remote future, whereas Orwell had the insight to locate the world of Big Brother just within reach of the present. In *We* the immediacy of terror is lessened because we see the facts of political oppression across a vast gap of time and through a veil of science fiction. Sputniks and brain surgery are already realities of our own experience, but the interstellar navigation of the Integral and the kind of medical intervention that can remove moral consciousness still belong to the repertoire of Buck Rogers. *1984*, on the contrary, is in no way fantastic; it *can* exist twenty-five years from now. The political doctrines that Orwell assumes and the means for their enforcement are richly available. Contemporary television and the decline of meaningful language in our political and personal lives are already preparing us for the Newspeak of the Orwellian nightmare. The wiretappers are already on the line. Political torture is a commonplace. When confronted with *1984*, we cannot evade the issues by saying to ourselves that such a world lies in some remote future. Because he was a disciple of Wells and a man fascinated by technology, Zamiatin disguised the urgency and conviction of his satire. The world of D-503 has about it so much of the fantastic that we forget how close it comes to our own. Or perhaps we should say that Zamiatin had in him too much hope; he interposed between us and the Well-Doer six centuries of final chaos. Orwell, having seen the world of Hitler and of Stalin, reckoned more briefly.

Yet Zamiatin remains important for the clarity with which he posed the conflict between totalitarianism and the life of the imagination. He once said: "Real literature can exist only when it is produced by madmen, hermits, heretics, dreamers, rebels and sceptics."

He himself had to leave Russia for having said it, but Doctor Zhivago stayed behind.

FIVE EXEMPLARY LIVES

1. The Approximation of Truth

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

ADVENTURES OF A BIOGRAPHER, by Catherine Drinker Bowen. *Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.*

In a short book that is both witty and unexpectedly moving, Mrs. Bowen tells of adventures and misadventures encountered while writing her biographies of Tchaikovsky, of Anton and Nicholas Rubinstein—her first training was as a violinist—of John Adams, of Justice Holmes in our own times, and of the great English judge Sir Edward Coke who was born under Mary Tudor. Historians have some difficulty forgiving Mrs. Bowen for the variety of subjects she has chosen for portraiture, this bouncing about from century to century, and this flouting of the subservient specialization in one "field" that is sacrosanct to the academic mind and alone lays open the path to authority. There is another irritant in her production: book after book has proved increasingly popular.

The professors often made Mrs. Bowen feel "like a poacher, hunting without a permit." So did the ladies of Beacon Hill when she was studying Justice Holmes. She was obliged to pull rank on them by proclaiming her kinship with Miss Cecilia Beaux the painter before they would admit her, a Philadelphian, to their confidence. Even Justice Frankfurter was convinced that a lady violinist, however talented, Philadelphian, and acceptable in Boston, was ill equipped by nature or training to discuss the great legal decisions of Holmes or Coke, the complicated politics of the Philadelphia Convention. But the Justice made amends by admitting graciously that some people work better under difficulty.

THE DIFFICULTIES Mrs. Bowen works under are fundamentally a distaste for jargon, academic or otherwise, a hatred for inaccuracy, and the conviction that a biographer, knowing the facts, is only at the beginning of a journey toward truth that facts alone can never define. This is at the origin of her quarrel

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with the academic historians. The minor, irrelevant quarrel, that which arises from the popularity of her books, she dismisses with easy candor: ". . . must the onus of writing a popular book be so hard to bear? . . . books that are well written seem doomed to popularity."

Historians tolerate biographers, specialized biographers, in the way they tolerate, space permitting, extensive yet unessential footnotes. There is no harm whatever, they say, in describing the house that Jack built, but the essential, of course, is to determine the economic condition that furnished him with his incentive for building, together with the effect of his labors on the general housing situation. Furthermore, they are right in their contempt for undocumented, romantic elaboration: nothing is more destructive of historical, or human, truth than the inept conversation, erotic or not, that is placed only too often by illiterate biographers in the mouths of historical personages. That kind of frivolity belongs to the moving pictures where it usually ends—with the Virgin Queen and her man, or Goya and his lady.

Fortunately, Mrs. Bowen's debate with the academic historians is on another level. In none of her books is there anything maudlin, anything slack. In all of them there is the human being, alive, moving about in a recognizable landscape, animated by recognizable motives—deaf, of course, to "motivation," unresponsive, naturally, to "determinisms," no use ever to the "Ph.D. octopus."

Mrs. Bowen knows what she is doing and what she will not do. Once, in a spirit of experimentation, she was attending a congress of scholars. The question being debated was whether the historian should favor positivism or presentism. "The first time I heard the word *presentism* I went out and looked it up in three dictionaries. It was not there. Next day the professors themselves defined it. Should the historian, one speaker asked, write of the past in terms of a twentieth century 'frame of reference'? The meeting decided that to do so was legitimate. For myself, sitting watchfully in the audience between two scholars, there was outrageousness in this discussion. It was one of the games men play. Word games, very dangerous to art and the artist. . . . Should historians look on the past through the eye of the present, and was such a view legitimate? *'In God's name, gentlemen, not only legitimate but inevitable! What other view can there be?'* I got to my feet and said so in as many words. The professors laughed, applauded good-naturedly—and returned to their argument."

". . . Spirit can see nothing not focused in some living eye," she quotes Santayana as saying, and in all the past, through all the eons of time, there is not a fact that exists in any manner that can serve us unless and until it is reflected, given life, in the 'living eye.'" Mrs. Bowen quotes Goethe: ". . . a fact in our life is important not when it is true, but when it is meaningful." This implies no cavalier attitude toward facts. The biographer, as Mrs. Bowen shows, spends years in libraries, verifying and collating, but a lifetime too, the more important moments in life, retracing the steps men have trod in a given space, seeking to rejoin them in spirit: Coke, condemned, in the Tower, and Mrs. Bowen looking out at night over the Thames, hearing the sounds Coke heard, the commands at the changing of the guard; Holmes, a boy in Boston, and Mrs. Bowen listing the names Proust would have loved: "Milk Street, State Street, Joy Street, Park and Beacon, where the boy Wendell Holmes in winter had flung himself upon his sled and followed the Long Coast straight down to Washington Street or across the Common . . ." Here are the facts, given life by the "living eye."

It all comes down to this: historian and biographer alike can arrive at an approximation of truth only through a slightly different exercise of the novelist's art.

2. Who Was President in 1900?

MARCUS CUNLIFFE

In the Days of McKinley, by Margaret Leech. *Harper. $6.95.*

The title of this book and the themes and techniques of Miss Leech's previous works (a biography of the smut hunter Anthony Comstock, in collaboration with Heywood Broun; *Reveille in Washington,* an account of the Federal city in the days of Lincoln) might lead the reader to expect a combination of social history and popular biography. Indeed, it begins with a "mood piece" somewhat in the Philip Guedalla style: thickening twilight, clopping of horses' hooves, and so on. And it ends on another evocative note, with the installation of the exuberant Roosevelt family in the White House ("Dogs arrived, and guinea pigs. Hunters and hacks pranced in the driveway. Shrieking children rode ponies on the lawn. A large blue macaw came to live in the conservatory where Mrs. McKinley had lingered, holding a single rose"). In between, then, it would be no surprise to find a fashionable exercise in nostalgia, together with a rousing résumé of period events (Mark Hanna, Bryan-Bryan, Remember the *Maine,* Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight, Rough Riders, McKinley's assassination by the anarchist Leon Czolgosz at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo)—in short, the Mauve Decade shading off into red, white, and blue.

The book is no such thing. Or rather, it is this and very much more. It does contain a good deal of popular anecdotal material, but handled with vigor and without vulgarity. Miss Leech might well have been satisfied to confine her book merely to such material: to the description of McKinley's unsophisticated origins and homely pieties; of the pace of life in his native Ohio; of his trying marriage to a nervous girl who became an epileptic and a semi-invalid (Mrs. McKinley is the only person in this shrewd, good-natured book for whom the author appears to have a positive distaste); of White House protocol and its elephantine comedy; or of scandalous episodes such as the murder of Mrs. McKinley's philandering

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brother George Saxton by a jealous discarded mistress.

These matters on their own would have made a perfectly entertaining book, with a minimal stiffening of historical narrative. To her great credit, Miss Leech has not been content with so easy a victory. She has gone to enormous pains to master the complex issues of McKinley's Presidency. In this long, solid analysis she ranges far beyond the White House. There is a detailed chapter on the woes of the War Department. Naval and military operations are clearly and fully explained—though they would have been even clearer with the aid of a map or two. Currency, the tariff, party tactics, the debates over Cuba and the Philippines, the peace treaty with Spain: all are admirably presented. Dozens of figures—politicians, office seekers, admirals, generals—pass under deft and often witty review.

ONLY ONE QUESTION perturbs the reader now and then: where is McKinley? We learn that he was a devoted husband, a warm-hearted friend, a politician with scruples, but these aspects provide only a partial portrait. Miss Leech tells us much about public affairs; yet we do not always see them in relation to McKinley. Sometimes he is lost to view in the hurly-burly. Sometimes, when he emerges, his own behavior and motives are not brought into focus. To say this is not to accuse the author of whitewashing her subject. More than once she convicts him of evasiveness or of poor judgment. Nor is it to argue that Miss Leech has failed in the difficult biographer's art of combining a personal history with the necessarily impersonal history of a whole nation. With minor exceptions, she has done an extremely skillful job.

The fault rests with McKinley. He was not a fool or an egotist—or even a weak President; his successor Theodore Roosevelt perhaps did no more than he to widen the scope of Executive authority. William McKinley was the genuine version of a type that Warren Harding represented fraudulently: a genial, decent Middle Westerner, differing only from his townsfolk in his additional endowment of physical energy, moral earnestness, and political presence. He had the courage of his convictions. But he simply did not have a great many convictions: God, America, sound money, the protective tariff, these were his pieties. They were something, but they were not quite enough. McKinley, like others before and after him, was at once exalted by his high office and overwhelmed by the problems into which it thrust him. So we see him as a figure to respect but not to marvel at, a person who meant well but who was restricted to the platitudes and shibboleths of his party and his upbringing, circumspect and circumscribed.

3. A One-Man Balanced Ticket

NATHAN GLAZER

LA GUARDIA: A FIGHTER AGAINST HIS TIMES, 1882-1933, by Arthur Mann. *Lippincott. $6.*

It is a pleasure to read a biography, in 1959, of an American political figure who was almost wholly admirable, and Arthur Mann has written just about as good a biography as one could imagine about Fiorello H. La Guardia, who was seven times elected a member of Congress from New York City and three times elected mayor. One's only regret is that the account stops in 1933, and we shall have to wait a few years for the volume on La Guardia as mayor. If there is anything to be learned from the experience of the man who is widely considered to have been New York's greatest mayor, one would like to know it now in view of the rapidity with which New York, under the series of nonentities who have succeeded La Guardia, has been increasingly losing control of its problems.

La Guardia reversed the usual American political tradition by first becoming prominent on the national stage and then leaving it for local politics. With impressive but unobtrusive scholarship, Mr. Mann

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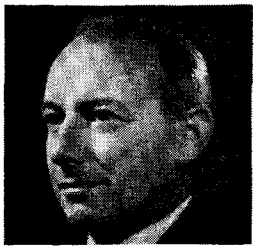

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comes up with a few more paradoxes for us to ponder. The first major "Italian" political leader was not very Italian. He was raised on an Army post in Prescott, Arizona, and could have completely divorced himself from the mass of immigrant Italians had he chosen. Nor did his background link him to the other ethnic group on whose votes he was later to count, the Jews. He did not learn Yiddish from his mother, for she, descended from one of the ancient Jewish communities of the Mediterranean, knew none.

All these details of origin and upbringing Mr. Mann has made clear for the first time—and they lead one to reflect on how the most "representative" political leaders of masses, those who seem to understand their constituents best and who best symbolize their aspirations, are often quite different from the masses they represent. The most striking example of this tendency, of course, was provided when Roosevelt took his place as the champion of the workers, Negroes, and impoverished farmers.

It is the peculiarity of the true leader that he is not passively "representative" but makes himself into the symbol that permits him to carry out the role he feels necessary; just as he can make a political program, he can remake himself to carry it out—and this is what La Guardia did.

YET IF La Guardia was almost wholly admirable, it was owing not only to his character and his capacities but also, one must point out—if one considers him as a possible model for our own times—because the problems with which he had to deal were relatively simple. He had clear stupidities to struggle against—the prohibition amendment, the racist arguments in favor of quota restrictions on immigration, the incredible prejudices against such social legislation as unemployment insurance, the willingness to let people starve rather than use Federal funds for relief, the assumption that government could make loans to business without fear of being corrupted but could not give money to the unemployed.

And—to look beyond this book—even when he became mayor, La Guardia was fortunate in the problems he had to face. This was a lull in city growth—New York barely increased in population in the 1930's when we compare the enormous growth of earlier decades and the heavy increase that has taken place in population in the larger metropolitan area since. It was also a period when, because of WPA, vast sums were available for building parks to beautify and further the city's cultural life—funds that dried up with the Second World War and have not become available since, except for highways. New York was also the beneficiary of the depression in the sense that it radically reduced the growing dependence on automobiles and delayed by ten years the crisis of public transit and commuter railways. It was over the beginning of public housing that La Guardia presided—not the middle or the end, when bureaucratic ossification makes us wonder whether it is doing more good than harm. In those days enthusiastic pioneers carried through the programs and directed the projects, a fortunate and grateful few entered, and the buildings were only six stories high.

La Guardia's tasks, as congressman and mayor, were indeed simpler. But there is also no question that he was more intelligent, more human, more effective, and (so simple a virtue one hesitates to mention it) braver than the political figures among whom we have to choose in our present dilemmas.

AT ONE POINT in the debate on the immigration restriction act, the New York congressmen were asked to trace their descent. To quote from Mr. Mann's book: "'I have no family tree,' wrote La Guardia, 'the only member of my family who has is my dog Yank. He is the son of Doughboy, who was the son of Siegfried, who was the son of Tannhäuser, who was the son of Wotan. A distinguished family tree, to be sure—but after all, he's only a son of a bitch.'" The fact that no leading American political figure would blurt out a thing like that these days is surely not a sign of progress.

4. The Gospel According to DeMille

GERALD WEALES

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CECIL B. DEMILLE, edited by Donald Hayne. *Prentice-Hall. $5.95.*

A few months ago, the legendary Cecil B. DeMille, the monster with the megaphone, rose out of the badly written, anecdote-strangled pages of Phil Koury's *Yes, Mr. DeMille.* Koury, an ex-DeMille staffer, stacked his stories to prove that his former boss was an occasionally maudlin tyrant who incidentally made some of the most popular movies of the last forty years. Now DeMille's *Autobiography*—a book that pins verbal medals of praise on the chests of loyal DeMille team members and mentions Koury not at all—comes to balance the picture. The autobiographical DeMille is the familiar good gray gentleman, the elder statesman of the cinema, who appeared in the trailers of his last pictures surrounded by mementoes of dead cultures, assuring all of us out there in the movie audience that he had left no Rosetta stone unturned in his attempt to give complete historical accuracy to a film that would not only be spiritually uplifting but good, clean family entertainment as well. There are hints in the *Autobiography,* smiling references to his reputation as a despot, that seem to indicate that both DeMilles are true.

NEITHER of the books goes very far toward explaining the director whose career, from *The Squaw Man* in 1913 to the last, marathon version of *The Ten Commandments,* spans the history of the motion picture in this country. It is easy enough to trot out the usual clichés, but although spectacle and sex have always been DeMille trade-marks, it is perhaps unfair to huddle his seventy pictures under a single tent roof. There are no neat dividing lines, the kind that literary critics long for when they talk about a man's work, but DeMille's pictures do fall generally into three groups. His career

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began in the years when the one- and two-reelers were falling under the shadows of the first feature-length films, and the company that he formed with Jesse Lasky and Sam Goldwyn was committed to long movies from the beginning. The simplest road to such pictures was play adaptation, and the years before the First World War saw DeMille filming many stage plays, often with Western settings—*The Squaw Man, Rose of the Rancho, The Girl of the Golden West.* In 1918, with *Old Wives for New,* he moved off the range into the bathroom, and began a series of slightly sophisticated, slightly sexy films that can best be typified by *Male and Female,* an adaptation of Barrie's *The Admirable Crichton,* that managed to work in not only a bathing scene for Gloria Swanson but a flashback to Babylonia. The final phase of the DeMille career, the preoccupation with Biblical and historical subjects, got off to tentative starts in 1923 with the first *Ten Commandments* and in 1927 with *The King of Kings,* but it was not until the 1930's that the parade of big pictures finally turned DeMille's name into a synonym for "spectacle."

THE THREE-PART DIVISION is a useful way of talking about DeMille's work, but it is more an appearance than an actuality. There is a sustaining line that runs through his forty-odd years of picture making. The earliest films, like the plays they were based on, had a simple, even simple-minded concept of good and evil (the good guys and the bad guys) and a primitive idea of motivation. With the postwar pictures came the awareness that though the good was still to be triumphant, the movie audience wanted a healthy hunk of the evil, too, particularly if it could be luridly sensual and becomingly exotic (Sessue Hayakawa in *The Cheat*) and if it got its comeuppance at the end of the film. Finally, in the Biblical and historical pictures the childlike morality and the adventure and action of the early films could be joined with the sensuousness of the middle period and the whole thing overlaid with religiosity or patriotic sentiment. Typically, DeMille's story of Jesus, *The King of Kings,* had to begin

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with a remarkably prosperous Mary Magdalene throwing an eye-popping orgy before it could really settle down to the business of the Christ.

Just as DeMille's early films came directly from the turn-of-the-century theater and were influenced by the staging techniques of David Belasco, who had collaborated with DeMille's playwriting father, so the later combination of religion and sex has its roots in the stage of that period. DeMille, recording his eagerness to film Wilson Barrett's old hit, *The Sign of the Cross,* says that he had admired it ever since he had seen it on stage many years before. One of the secrets of DeMille's success is probably that he took over the straightforward dramatic values of old-fashioned popular theater and wrapped them in the marvelous maneuverability of the new medium. As one reads the *Autobiography* and listens to DeMille insist that his pictures are for *people,* it becomes clear that he supposes the people are still those who flocked to the road shows in the days when he trouped with E. H. Sothern. Judging by the box-office receipts, he is right.

THE SOUND of the cash registers did not convince all of us that DeMille made great films, but even the doubters are willing to admit that he could sometimes be an interesting director. No one, I think, will suggest that his *Autobiography* is a good book. It must be the longest collection of commonplaces ever to disguise itself as a life story. The man is there somewhere, under the pseudo philosophy, the hedging, the sentimental vignettes—he may be the sum of them—but it is too much work to dig him out. Just wait . . . someone may make a movie. «»

5. A Liar You Could Count On

ROBERT CRICHTON

THE FABULOUS SHOWMAN: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF P. T. BARNUM, by Irving Wallace. *Knopf. $5.*

As the nation, for a moment at least, wrenches its bruised gaze away from the flicker of the watching machines, re-examines its collective morality, and finds that once again it has been collectively gulled, conned, and cozened, a look at the greatest bamboozler of them all would seem to be in order. It doesn't take much imagination to project the image of Barnum into our own times and see him as a big wheel in television. For one thing, as Mr. Wallace goes to unwarranted lengths to point out, Barnum was not only a great showman but a great businessman as well, and after all, in entertainment and communications, businessmen are the most important ingredient.

One thing is certain: Barnum's appearance before the Harris Committee would not have resembled the pallid performances of some of today's hoodwinkers whose dirty work was done with a puny slyness that is sad to behold. When Phineas Taylor Barnum lied, the world knew it. He lied big and straight and true, and if you wanted to find it out you only had to look. How different from today, when the deceivers deceive in whispers and immorality is muffled in respectability. It is a pity, then, that the book Mr. Wallace has created out of Barnum's outrageous life is as pallid as Barnum's own professional heirs, men he would despise.

P. T. Barnum was born in 1810 in Bethel, Connecticut, a hamlet near Danbury that was trying, Mr. Wallace says, to get out from under the tyranny of its Puritanical past. Why more of that Puritanical morality didn't rub off on Barnum the book doesn't explain. But it is no oddity that Barnum's favorite boyhood story went this way:

Village grocer shouting downstairs to his clerk:

"John, have you watered the rum?"

"Yes, sir."

"And sanded the sugar?"

"Yes, sir."

"And dusted the pepper?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then come up to prayers."

That in microcosm was Barnum's career. He gave the public less than he advertised while still appearing to stay in the good graces of the Lord and some part of society.

FOR MOST of his life Barnum was simply the Napoleon of freaks, marching his legions of hideosities endlessly before the public hoping for the big victory. He won a great deal. When the Cardiff giant appeared (fashioned, appropriately, of gypsum), Barnum ordered his own giant cut out of rock, and made more with his fake fake than the real fake did. He showed Chang and Eng, the first of the Siamese twins, and he made fortunes from General Tom Thumb and Jumbo. Since the day of Barnum, every midget is really Tom Thumb and every elephant is Jumbo, and that is the real genius of Barnum. His talent for creating excitement and generating publicity has never been equaled. Barnum's promotion of Jenny Lind will probably forever stand as the target for all flacks to aim at. Towns so uncultured that they preferred lynching singers to listening to them went broke buying tickets to hear Barnum's nightingale. To me the most surprising fact in this book was the realization that Barnum had nothing to do with the circus until the last few of his eighty years. His influence, however, still permeates that great institution.

All of this should be ribald, humorous, vigorous, and vulgar. It would appear that Mr. Wallace, in attempting to find a new angle for a book on Barnum, found it convenient to discover that Barnum was really a rather respectable soul. But to make Barnum respectable is to destroy him, like putting shoes on Huck Finn.

To add to this tone of respectability, Mr. Wallace further weights the dignity of the occasion by including ten pages of acknowledgments and bibliography. Even Barnum isn't big enough to bear this. Yet behind the pomposity one can still hear, if but faintly, the blare of the carny band and see the suckers cheerfully lining up to be fleeced.

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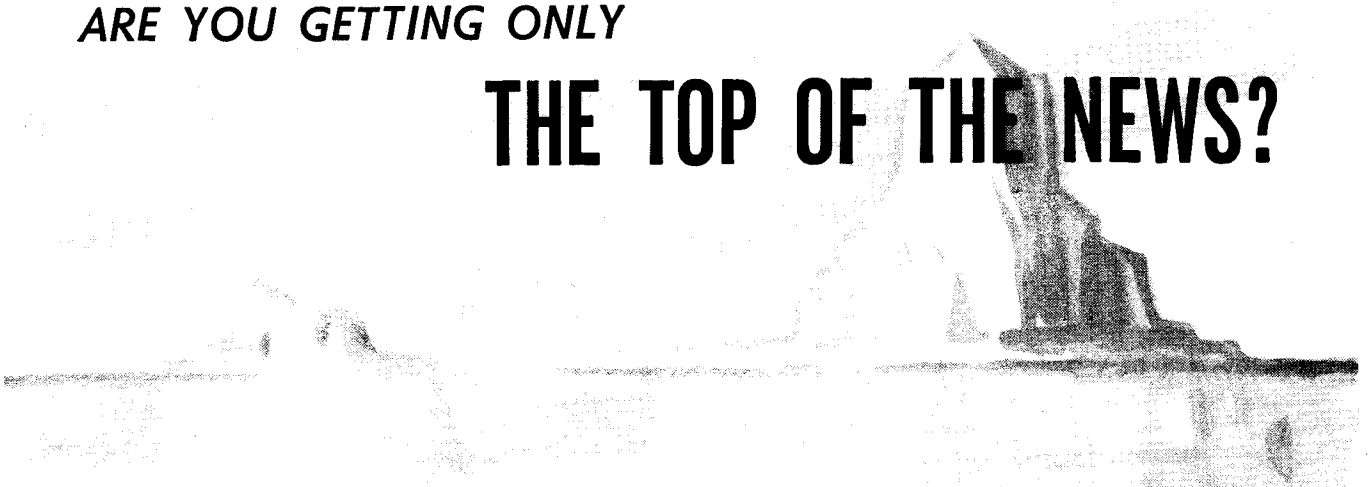

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